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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR.

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COLLEGE RECORD.

WABASH COLLEGE, IND. The commencement at this institution occurred on the 20th ult. preceded by the usual exercises of the Literary Societies.

The young gentlemen of the graduating class acquitted themselves with honor. The prize speaking on Monday evening, and the Junior exhibition on Wednesday, were of a high order, all showing an interesting advance and literary enterprise in this young institution. The President's address to the graduating class upon the "Contributions of Learning to Religion," was truly eloquent, and will be read with avidity, when it shall be presented to the public through the press.

The Degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. Tryon Edwards of New London, Conn. [N. Y. Observer.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, N. Y. On Sunday evening, July 23d, the Society of Christian Research was addressed by Rev. Henry W. Beecher, on "The Cultivation of Christian Sympathy." Monday evening was devoted to prize declamation by members of the three lower classes. On Tuesday, P. M., the Associated Alumni were addressed by Rev. Joel Parker, D. D., of Philadelphia, on "The Conservative Influences of Christianity." After the address, about 120 Alumni sat down to their annual dinner. In the evening, Dr. Thomas M. Foote, of Buffalo, delivered an oration before the Literary Societies, and a poem was read by Wm. H. C. Hosmer, Esq., of Avon.

On Wednesday, July 26th, thirty-two orations were delivered by members of the graduating class, and thirty-six received the degree of A. B.

The degree of D. D., was conferred upon Rev. Luther F. Dimmick, of Newburyport, Mass., and Rev. Charles Hall, of New York; that of LL. D. upon Hon. Philo Gridley, of Utica, and Hon. William Jessup, Montrose, Pa. [N. Y. Observer.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, MIDDLETOWN, CT.—The public exercises commenced on Monday evening with an address to the literary society of the College, by Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany. The speaker well sustained his high reputation. On Tuesday afternoon an oration was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by Prof. Taylor Lewis, of New York.

On Tuesday evening was the anniversary of the Society of the Alumni. The exercises consisted first of an address, by Rev. Charles Collins, President of Emory and Henry College, in South Western Virgina. Nearly a hundred of the alumni were in attendance.

On Wednesday, 2d, was the commencement proper. The exercises were in the usual form, consisting of addresses from the graduating class, in which the young men acquitted themselves with great credit and did substantial honor to there alma mater. The baccalaureate was conferred on 25 members of the late senior class; D D on Rev. J. Dempster, of Concord, N H.

The public exercises of the occasion closed with a levee, given by President Olin.

The affairs of the University are said to be decidedly improving, and its prospects good. I know of no College that offers greater facilities for the education of young men, with so few dangers and disadvantages.—Corr. N. Y. Com. Adv.

UNION COLLEGE. The commencement exercises at Schenectady, were commenced on Sunday evening, by the address before the Theological Society, by Rev. Dr. Hickok, of Auburn Seminary, the subject of which was "The Completeness of Christian Character."

The Senate was addressed on Monday evening by the Hon. Bradford R. Wood, of Albany, on the Necessity and Desirableness of Progress.

The Literary Societies, the Adelphic and the Philomathean, celebrated each its fiftieth anniversary. The Adelphic was addressed by Rev. Dr. Van Aradale, of Philadelphia, whose theme was the Progress, Condition and Prospects of our Country. The Philomathean was addressed by Rev. Dr. Tappan, of New York, on the Claims of Literature, a masterly and most eloquent production. Alfred B. Street, Esq. of Albany, also delivered a poem before the Philomathean, on Knowledge and Liberty.

The oration before the Phi Beta was by Charles Sumner, Esq. whose fine fame as an orator and man of enlarged thought and manly principle, was fully sustained in this admirable dissertation on the Law of Human Progress. The meeting of the Alumni in the morning was very spirited, and, of course, highly entertaining.

The venerable Dr. Nott presided at the regular commencement exercises the next day, and, as much to the surprise as the gratification of his numerous pupils and admirers, with unabated animation and sprightliness. The exercises were interesting, and not at all unworthy of the high character and repute of the College. The graduating class numbered 82; and upon 25 Alumni the Master's degree was conferred in course. Honorary degrees were liberally bestowed, as usual, and were these: The degrees of LL. D. upon Mr. S. Wells Williams, author of the Middle Kingdom. The degree of D.D. upon Rev. Ebenezer Hulley, of Troy; Rev. G. N. Judd, of Catskill, N. Y.; Rev. Mr. McNeil, President of Victoria College, Canada West; Rev. Prof. Kendrick, Madison University; Rev. Herman Hooker, of Philadelphia.

COMMENCEMENT AT MIDDLEBURY.—A larger number of graduates and friends attended than usual.

On Tuesday Rev. J. J. OWEN, D. D., delivered an address before the Philomathesian Society. Subject, Classical Studies. He was followed by Rev. R. Baird, D. D., before the Philadelphian Society, who discussed the Progress, Prospects, and Demands of the present Age.

On the same day there was public declamation for the "Parker an prizes."

The degree of A. B. was conferred on *ten* graduates. The degree of A. M. on *six* candidates.

The public meeting of the Associated Alumni was held after the Commencement exercises. Oration by Rev. I. Mattox of Keteville, N. Y., on the True Ends of Learning, in which he took opposite ground from Dr. Owen, the day before.

Two resolutions were passed at the meeting, as follows:—

Resolved, That we entertain a high sense of the distinguished services of President Labaree during the past year, for the energy, prudence and success with which his efforts have been accompanied in raising funds, and in securing the perpetuity of our *Alma Mater*.

Resolved, That we are fully sensible of the high obligations the present Faculty have thrown upon us, for the unusual labor in the departments of instruction which the exigencies of the past year have demanded, and for the ability with which they have administered the government of the College.

[The amount of funds raised was twenty-five thousand dollars.]

For the Register.

EXCURSION TO ABINGTON.

The society connected with the Indiana street Church (Rev. Mr. Fox's) had an excursion to Abington on Tuesday Aug. 1st.

Although it had rained the day before, and until a few hours before our departure it was ominous of unpleasant weather, the day proved delightful. When we arrived on the ground designated by our committee of arrangements, the dark cloud which had been lurking in the distant horizon had disappeared, and nature had adorned herself with most luxuriant loveliness; all around seemed cheerful and gay, while old and young partook of the enjoyments with a spirit of determination to improve the time in such pleasures as should best contribute to the happiness of all.

The place selected was truly a delightful spot, where we could view the works of nature in all their grandeur. It seems good to take such jaunts and hold as we do such communion with friends, renew our intercourse with acquaintances. They serve to strengthen our desires to do good, and encourage us in all our undertakings which have for their object the welfare of all human creatures. Let such recreation then, be indulged in, certainly as often as once a year, and let it not be confined to any one sect, or class, in particular, but let all partake of these harmless amusement, in nature's own temple, with the broad canopy of heaven arching over us; with its own columns around us, and the clear sparkling water of the silvery lake about us. There in such a spot can we truly appreciate the bountiful goodness of our heavenly parent, while it causes us to reflect upon our actions past, and to resolve that the future shall be improved to the happiness of all, and to seek the approving smile of him who watches us ever with a guardian and protecting care. To all those who wish to enjoy a few hours of social recreation let me advise them to visit the beautiful grove at ABINGTON.

SOUTH PARISH S. SCHOOL, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

[We have received the Superintendents' Report made on the thirtieth anniversary of this School, June 11, 1848. It is an interesting and valuable document; and as it will not be generally accessible to our readers, we publish it entire.]

REPORT.

When the Sunday School was a new institution among us, and its establishment was in any respect an experiment, it was customary for the superintendents to offer an annual report, that its friends might judge of its usefulness and of the propriety of continuing their aid. For many years these reports have been omitted, and except on the twentieth and twenty-fifth anniversaries, no general report has been made to the society. Another period of five years has now elapsed; and as we are to unite together in a season of more than ordinary observance, it may be well that a few words should be said, from which, possibly, some useful comparisons and reflections may be drawn.

Since the report in 1843, the aspect of the school has, in some respects, changed. From its commencement up to that time, although bearing the designation of the South Parish, it might with propriety have been considered a school at large. It had ever been the especial endeavors of its friends and its teachers to draw into its classes the poor and neglected children of the town, whose parents, connected with no religious society, needed to be visited, and urged to send their children to the school. By the blessing of Providence upon these efforts, our school drew together a large portion of this description of scholars, swelling its numbers much beyond what could have been derived from our own parish alone. Within a few years, however, a school designed expressly for such children has been established, and has attracted to its care most of those of whose attendance anywhere there is any hope. And although we still continue our efforts where they can be useful, and, compared with others, have still among us a good proportion of the class referred to, our own school has nevertheless become more than formerly a Parish School.

It is the class of children now alluded to, to whom, from the absence of domestic instruction, the Sabbath school is of the greatest importance. We rejoice, therefore, in every method which will give them the religious instruction and the moral discipline which they so much need. Still we should prefer to see no separation made, but to have the mutual influences of the rich and poor, the ignorant and the most privileged, brought to bear upon each other. Experience, however, tells us that this can hardly be expected for any long time where there is a sufficient population to make the division easy. We allude to the circumstances now mentioned in order to account for the diminished numbers of our school, which for a long series of years maintained a remarkable uniformity of attendance, varying probably no more than that of the population of the town.

For the first *ten years, ending July*, 1828, the number of scholars rose from 134 to 266, and of teachers from 18 to 44.

During the next *ten years, ending July*, 1838, the number varied from 234 to 290, but gave an average, including summer and winter, of 262 scholars and 50 teachers.

For the *six subsequent years, ending July*, 1844, the range was from 252 to 313, giving an average 283, and teachers 50 to 56.

Since this last mentioned date, that is, for the *four last years*, the roll book shows an average of 198 scholars and 38 teachers; and the *present* number (June, 1848,) is 195 pupils and 37 teachers, with an average attendance of 155.

From the commencement of the school until 1845, we always held two sessions on each Sabbath, during the milder half of the year. And it is worthy of note, that even during the warmest portion of the summer the afternoon attendance was uniformly much larger than the morning. This was in great part owing to the better attendance of the poorer children, whom it has always been found difficult to get out with any punctuality to the morning school. Since 1845 we have had but one session a day—in the morning during the three summer months, and for the remainder of the year in the afternoon.

We will state in this connexion for the sake of comparison, that the whole number of pupils entered since the school began, is 2379; the whole number of teachers who have been engaged, is 213; the average number of entries during the five years last past 42, and during the five years immediately preceding 75.

But we are aware that graver topics than those of mere numbers will arise in the mind when listening to the report of a Sabbath School of thirty years standing. What does the experience of that long period answer to the still mooted question whether such schools are of any substantial use? What says the observation of those who have seen a whole generation come forward since they commenced their labors in such a school? Is it a better generation than their own which had then just taken its stand upon the stage of active life? What think they of the success, or of the value of the system now, compared with their expectations at its outset?

You are aware that there are few among us, to whose retrospect these questions can properly be put. But were there only one, the humble testimony of his voice is due to the cause; and, so long as it can be heard, it shall be given.

We feel the embarrassment of knowing that such questions are in your minds, and that it would much exceed our feeble ability, as well as the limits of a mere report to answer them fully. We can but offer you a confession of our own faith, without attempting to make a well supported argument in its favor.

We avow, then, our entire belief, confirmed by all our observation and our best judgement, in the substantial utility of such schools, taken even at the average position to which they have now attained—a position, we hesitate not to say, immeasurably in advance of that at which they commenced in this country, where they were first made exclusively religious schools. Remembering the utter insufficiency of what were termed the religious instructions of most of them at that time—the endless recitations of unexplained verses—and looking now at the amount of genuine spiritual energy, of mental talent, of religious research and literature, which has been elicited, and is every day accumulating in their service, we ask, why should they not go on by the same impetus until they become all we pray for?

Should we confess disappointment as to the amount of good already done compared with our hopes and predictions at the outset, what would it be but to confess the common error of too eager expectations, and of false dependence upon human means, and upon modes of exertion merely because they are new? Had these means been as efficient as they were thought to be, still the anticipation of their results was too high, when tried by the results of other means, even the highest, which were set in motion at the outset of Christianity itself. Yet we avow our belief that, among all the methods which we trust that God has blessed, there are none which have done more in an equal time, or are destined to do more to establish Christianity in the world, than Sabbath Schools. In saying this, we have reference to their influence not on the pupils alone, but to all the ramifications of their influence, which are many.

Believing thus, it is not needful for us to answer, even were it a wise question to ask, whether the generation now standing in the front rank of life is better than the one, with whose entrance upon mature activity our school was contemporary. Even were there an impartial tribunal to decide, the elements necessary to a true answer are too many and too intricate to be calculated by human analysis. Whatever that answer might be, it should only urge us onward, still onward. The path before us is all that ought to claim our attention.

There is another question which it is natural to ask, where it is supposed there is experience to answer: What are the wants of these schools? What will make them more effectual? Here again we can give only the outline of a reply,—would that we could so impress its truth as to awaken in every breast the response—"that want shall be supplied!" It is earnestness in their teachers that is wanted—arising from a just sense of the infinite value of that religion which they teach, and a hearty love of it in their own souls. It is faith that is wanted;—faith in the promise that the kingdom of God shall be established in the world;—and that it is by what vain mortals call small and slow means, that this glorious work must be accomplished—faith in the effect of the constant dropping of diligent instruction and patient love. It is the spirit of prayer that is wanted;—the belief that he who seeketh findeth, which will make us lean upon the staff of prayer every step we take, and as we take it.

Give us but these, and every other want of Sunday schools, though they be not few, will soon be found out and supplied. Give us but these, and though books and systems of instruction be imperfect and deficient, yet with the gospel in our hands, the character of Jesus before our eyes, and the love which brought him from heaven in our hearts; and the command of our Lord may be fulfilled, even by his humblest disciple, "Feed my lambs."

There is another want; but it is not within ourselves;—these schools may be all they should be—our books and our modes of instruction may be without fault—our teachers may be as devoted and as intelligent as any who were ever commissioned by the great Head of the Church himself; yet after all, by ourselves we must be as almost nothing. What can the single hour of one day in seven, even of the holiest influences, do for a child, who all the rest of his time sees only indifference to sacred things, and who finds religion placed behind and below every worldly purpose and pursuit?

What can he think of the worth of a school, at which his attendance is deemed a matter of indifference, for which he is guided to no preparation at home, and about which he never hears an inquiry or a remark except, perhaps, of censure or slight? We know that *among us* there is much and most kindly feeling for our own school; but, as a general remark, it is *the interest of parents* that is wanted to make the Sabbath school efficient—to make it all it can be, or ever should be, a powerful helper to domestic religious education. This is its purpose and its place; and, although by the blessing of God it may be made to supply to the unhappy child some of that nourishment which ought to be its daily bread at home, but which it finds not there; yet, if it save such an orphan spirit from the danger to which it is abandoned, it must be the exception only, not the rule by which the grace of God is ordinarily applied. Yet even to that, it has been blessed, and may be blessed again. Encourage it then, if not for the sake of your own favored children, yet for the good it may do to others.

With the testimony which we thus bear, of our undiminished confidence in the value of Sunday schools, even while remembering, as we painfully do, their numerous faults and deficiencies, we once more earnestly and affectionately commend our own beloved school to your regard, to your prayers, to your watchful care.—You doubtless have seen errors and mistakes in our doings;—forgive them, and help us by your counsels to do better. Join with us in thankfulness for all the encouragement which we have received from the liberal hearts and free hands and cheering smiles of those around us, and those who have gone from us. Join with us in one more thank-offering to Him from whom cometh every right purpose and good desire, and in the humble, hearty prayer for His blessing.

JOHN W. FOSTER,
JOHN P. LYMAN,
J. F. SHORES, JR.,
Superintendents.

HOLY SPIRIT.

God, in the communications of his Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite fountain of divine glory and sweetness; being full and sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul; pouring forth itself in sweet communion, like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and life. [Edwards.

ELISHA AND HIS SERVANT.

2 KINGS VI. 17.

[From the Lowell Offering.]

"Blessed were we,
When every earthly prospect is shut in,
And all our mortal helpers disappear,
If, with faith's eye undimmed and opened wide,
We might behold the blessed angel troop
Which God, our God, has promised shall encamp
Round those who fear his name. Our sickly doubts,
That flit like foul night ravens o'er our souls,
Would hush their screams and fly before the dawn;
And we should learn to fear no evil thing.

"Sometimes, when wandering in a labyrinth
Whence we can find no clue, and all is dark,
We wonder why our spirits do not die.
Perhaps in secret bowed, some holy soul
Utters for us the prophet's kind request;
And we, though dimly, are allowed to see
The prints of angels' feet along the road;
And our hearts, beating lightly, follow on
After the steps that sound before, albeit
Uncertain whose they are, though we are sure
Of a safe outlet from the tangled way.

"Father of spirits! Savior of our souls!
Let heavenly guides go with us down life's way!
And when we come unto that river's brink
Upon whose other bank in light and love
We shall be as the angels—then we know
Thou wilt be near us, though this earth-born clay,
Shrinking in mortal terror from the plunge
Which shall release its tenant unto bliss,
May with foreboding fear obscure our faith
And hide thy presence:—O! hear now one prayer
Which then our hearts may be too faint to breathe,
Lord! open thou our eyes, that we may see!"

[Lucy Larcom.

LETTER FROM DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1753.

Sir,—I have received your kind letter of the 2d instant, and am glad to hear that you increase in strength; I hope you will continue mending till you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has. As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more service to you.* But if it had, the only thanks I should desire is, that you would always be equally ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round; for mankind are all of a family. For my own part when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. Those kindnesses from men I can therefore only return on their fellow men, and I can only show my gratitude for those mercies from God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator. You will see my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration; I can do nothing to merit such rewards. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more the happiness of heaven! For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide that he will never make me miserable; and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer, shall tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention has certainly its use in the world; and I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavor to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it. I mean real good works; works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; no holyday-keeping, sermon-hunting, or hearing; performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity.

The worship of God is a duty. The hearing and reading of sermons may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and reading and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit. Your great Master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of the word to the mere hearers; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox Priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall in the last day be accepted; when those who cry, Lord! Lord! who value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected.

He professed that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance; which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time who thought themselves so good that they need not hear even him for improvement; but now-a-days we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations; and whoever omits them offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you, health, and happiness; being your friend and servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

*Dr. Franklin had relieved G. Whitefield in a paralytic case, by the application of electricity.

LETTERS OF REV. H. W. BELLOWS IN THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

LETTER FROM PARIS. NO. IV.

The men at the head of affairs.—Military Mania. Soldiering, an expensive nonsense.—Fete of the 21st of May.—

PARIS, 23d May, 1848.

It seems to be conceded that the men at the head of affairs in France are persons of more than ordinary ability and single-heartedness. It is true that they are not what is called practical men; but when a new form of government is to be created, it is perhaps a special advantage that men of routine, and an experience in false principles and old politics, are not in the way. Moreover, there are exigencies in affairs, when original ideas are far more demanded than experienness in practical details, and men of real thought and intellectual and moral energy, all readily schooled to action, when the prospect opens of carrying out the fond conceptions of their minds. It will do the world no harm to learn that poets and philosophers can become statesmen much more easily than the reverse. One of the worst things in France, and we may add, the whole continent, is the prevalence of the military spirit. The whole male population is uniform, and a gun seems as common as a walking-stick. The drum beats a perpetual tattoo. Every other soul is a soldier. Parents clothe their little children in the uniform of the National Guard, and babies that cannot speak plain, mock the patrol of the sentry as they totter, with a stick at their shoulder, forward and back at their father's door. The everlasting red pantaloons of the French soldiery set the streets of Paris in a blaze, and the sight reminds you of the day, when "there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt." It is plain enough, that those who are kept in bondage by standing armies, can only free themselves by opposing arms to arms. The fortifications frowning upon Paris have made every citizen a soldier. But now that the government and the people have identical interests, and that there is nothing to be feared except from the licentiousness of freedom, the first thing for Frenchmen to learn is contempt for soldiering. It is the most expensive nonsense in the world, besides being the most demoralizing. A true civilization considers rags more respectable than uniform, and soldiers as only a sturdier and more dangerous class of beggars. Their frequency all over the continent is the most deplorable sign of the misery, and wrong, and error, that prevails there. We learn to reckon them among the other vermin that swarm here, and to loathe them with similar disgust.

We happened to be in Paris at the fete of the 21st of May, when a vast concourse of Frenchmen celebrated one of the great watchwords and professed principles of this revolution, "Fraternity," in a peculiarly French manner. It is well known that a considerable jealousy and mutual suspicion exists between the regular army and the National Guard and the ouvriers, or laboring class, in and about Paris. The government was of course extremely solicitous to create good feeling between these powerful bodies, and a procession was determined on in which these various classes should defile in mixed ranks before the 900 deputies, in token of their union together and common deference to the National Assembly. At least two hundred thousand soldiers walked in this procession, besides a vast number of tradesmen, of citizens, and last, not least, of women. The crowd assembled to look upon this parade was inconceivably great, filling the vast public grounds with a solid mass of people, and rendering it quite impossible for persons of only ordinary curiosity to approach within a mile of the centre of interest, the Champ de Mars, where the deputies were seated. The procession, of which we had an excellent view, was adorned with the emblematic cars of the various trades, in which the taste and sentiment of the French were beautifully apparent. An immense number of young girls in white, with wreaths on their heads, and nosegays in their hands, clustered round the symbols of their different arts, and adorned the procession with a peculiar beauty. The soldier ordinarily bore a posy in the muzzle of his gun, and not seldom a loaf of bread on his bayonet, either as the most convenient way of carrying his luncheon, or as an earnest of the plenty to attend the new regime of the people. In the Champ de Mars an immense image of the Republic, a hundred feet in height, was set up, and crowned with flowers and clothed in flags; and before this and the deputies the vast procession marched in ranks, at least twelve deep, and perhaps two miles long. Bands of music, and a million of vociferous citizens and patriots, meanwhile filled the air with the Marseillaise. Certain ceremonies which we did not see were performed in the presence of the Deputies. In the evening a grand illumination, such as Paris alone can furnish, converted the city into a scene of enchantment. For miles the main walk in the Tuileries and Champ de Elysses was garlanded with colored lamps, and between these immense borders of motiled fire were hung chandeliers of tri-colored flame, converting the garden into one gigantic ballroom, suited to a million or two of people. To this must be added pyramids and fantastic forms of lamps, placed in every conspicuous place, with the most lavish profusion. All the public buildings in the city were blazing with lights, and we noticed, as a proof of the part which spectacle holds in the calculation of the government, that some of them had permanent arrangements, for illuminating with gas. The most effective explosions of fire-works perfected the splendor of this brilliant illumination. The fete was estimated to cost the nation a million of francs ($200,000.) We should have thought the money thrown away; but the French are not Yankees.

We noticed the crowd with particular attention. It is difficult to distinguish in a crowd with which you are unfamiliar, the particular mood of the people; but it certainly seemed to us not an enthusiastic occasion; somewhat as if the matter had been forced, or as if secret antipathy existed among the elements. Indeed, we afterwards heard it said that the festival was a failure, and almost every body compared it unfavorably with a previous occasion of a similar kind, which was much more hearty. But certainly the people could not have been better behaved. The total absence of drunkenness was very marked. The mingling of men, women, and children, of all classes (except, perhaps, the highest) in the very midst of the crowd, without confusion or danger, showed the immense advantage of public grounds, into which no vehicles are admitted, and confirmed also the universal opinion of French civility.

LETTER FROM PISA.

June 7.

We left Paris on the 25th May, for Italy. At this present instant of writing, we are at Pisa, expecting to reach Florence to-night. Our route hither has been full of interest. Our party is unanimous in preferring land carriage to steaming on the Mediterranean; and with the exception of a hundred miles between Chalons and Lyons, we have travelled thus far entirely by diligence. The coupe of the diligence was evidently designed for our party of three. It leaves us entirely to ourselves in a carriage, glazed in front and on the sides, with most of the comforts of a private carriage, and with the vast advantage of going twice as rapidly, at one half the expense. We make nothing of riding all night, and by favor of the admirable roads, sleep enough to enjoy the next day's journey. During the last fortnight we have passed six nights in the diligence, and are none the worse for wear. Whether it is in our hot American blood, or the special temperament of the party, we know not, but we have conceived a great disgust for travelling by vettura, and would not be willing to be burdened with a carriage of our own while we can advance so much more rapidly, and spend our time at the points of interest, instead of between them.

We are glad to be able to say a word in vindication of the journey through France from Paris to Chalons. It is universally represented as being entirely devoid of interest, as crossing a flat, dull country, without diversity of scenery, or even a pleasing monotony. On the contrary, France, between Paris and Chalons, well justifies the title the whole country has earned, "La belle France." It rolls with beautiful swells of land, is carefully cultivated, and, towards Chalons, rises into noble heights, affording the most extensive and pleasing landscapes. The French villages are clean and comfortable, compared with the Italian, and far more picturesque. Seen by moonlight, in rapid drive through them, nothing could exceed them in the power of exciting the imagination. The road from Paris to Chalons is excellent, carefully paved for the first hundred miles, and macadamized the rest of the way. Most travellers pass through France in the winter, and no country is seen to advantage then. We have enjoyed the special advantage of seeing it in the early summer, when everything is in the highest beauty. From Chalons to Lyons, the Saone affords a succession of pleasant views, becoming exquisitely beautiful as you approach Lyons. The tops of the Jura mountains covered with snow, became indistinctly visible as we descended the river, barely distinguishable from the clouds that mocked their shape. But we paid them a devoted attention, changing our mind twenty times over before we could satisfy our jealous curiosity that we were indeed seeing snow-mountains. The Saone exhibits the patience and fidelity of the French in all their public works. It is walled in for a considerable portion of the whole way from Chalons to Lyons with the most substantial stone-work, either to confine and deepen the channel, or to defend the neighborhood from the the effects of the rapid rise to which the river is subject. But what surprised us most, was the almost countless number of costly stone bridges, of beautiful masonry and exquisite span which crossed the Saone. At least thirty bridges, each one of which we should have thought it worth while to praise if it had been alone, crossed our path, and as the steamboat darted with an alarming velocity between these piers, we were filled with ever new and increasing admiration of the public works of France.

Lyons, the second city in France in size and importance, took us altogether by surprise in the beauty of its situation. Most people will remember that it lies between the Saone and the Rhone, within a mile or two of their confluence. But travellers have not given those who stay at home an opportunity of knowing that it is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe in its natural position, and well merits the name of the French Edinburgh. The city lies on a narrow plain, bordered by very precipitous and rocky hills, which it has struggled up, and covered with fortifications and habitations. The two rivers running directly through the heart of the city, and spanned with majestic and beautiful bridges, open the vistas of the craggy hills that abut them, altogether peculiar and exquisitely charming. The tall warehouses on the Saone, curving with the river and terminating in heights covered with showy public buildings or fortresses, afford from the bridges a magnificent crescent-shaped coup d'œil, which will hang in our memory forever as one of the most striking pictures we saw in France.

It was with a positive struggle that we gave up the descent of the arrowy Rhone and the attractive neighborhood of Avignon and Nismes, to cross Mount Cenis into Italy. But our appetite for the Alps was too urgent to be postponed. The snowy peaks we had seen in the deep distance possessed a fascination for us, and we gave up our previous plans to follow them. The road from Lyons to Turin is by Chamberry, which we reached on Saturday noon, and there remained until Monday noon. Thus far we have found the rest of the Sabbath advantageous to our objects as travellers, as it has been grateful to us as individuals. The rest from travel affords an opportunity to collect the faculties scattered by contact and struggle with so great a variety of objects, besides opening a door to some acquaintance with the religious habits and customs of the community in which one chances to be.

Nothing can well exceed the beauty of position occupied by Chamberry. H. W. B.

THE REFORMER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

All grim and soiled, and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrine of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old time-worn turret spare!"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Grey-headed Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,
"Why smite," he asked, in fair surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick at heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up-springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brow of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered,
Like breaking day.

Green grew the grain on battle-plain,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lessons given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the chare is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The out worn right, the old abuse,
The pious fraud, transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, by that great law
Which makes all past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the World shall draw
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake, by turns, Earth's love and fear,
Are one—the same.

As idly as in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them art thou:
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath:
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things: all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is grey
With morning light!

A GREAT MAN.

No one should desire to be a *great man* in public estimation, who is not prepared for great sacrifices. The great man of the public is one who encounters great abuse, great malignity, and is the object of great envy, with its attendant annoyances. Great things are always expected of him and great dissappointment felt if he does not satisfy these extravagant expectations. The pardonable faults of ordinary men are, in him, great faults, and are greatly blamed. His great celebrity is purchased at a great price, and often at a great sacrifice of social comforts. Every one considers it his privilege to criticise all his movements, and at all times to intrude upon his privacy. In fact, it is a "great bore" to be a great idol in any department of greatness; for the capricious multitude, who shout while they place their idol on the highest pinnacle, shout just as loudly when the time comes to hurl it to the ground. To preserve the character of greatness for a number of years is a great achievement, and the finale, under the most propitious circumstances, is a *great funeral!* [Presbyterian.

LIVING LONG AND LIVING WELL.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.—Zim.

A DEVOTED FEMALE.

Mrs. Fry, the distinguished female philanthropist, solemnly declared to her daughter, in her last illness, "I can say one thing, since my heart was touched, at the age of seventeen, I believe I never have awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by day or by night, without my first waking thought being how best I might serve my Lord."

OUR POSITION AND HISTORY AS AFFECTING THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

[The extract we now take from Mr. Mann's speech is equal in eloquence and force, and superior, we think, in moral power, to anything that has been spoken on the subject in or out of Congress.]

I wish to advert for a moment to the position which we occupy as one of the nations of the earth, in this advancing period of the world's civilization. Nations, like individuals, have a character. The date of the latter is counted by years; that of the former by centuries. No man can have any self-respect who is not solicitous about his posthumous reputation. No man can be a patriot who feels neither joy nor shame at the idea of the honor or of the infamy which his age and his country shall leave behind them. Nations, like individuals, have characteristic objects of ambition. Greece coveted the arts; Rome gloried in war; but liberty has been the goddess of our idolatry. Amid the storms of freedom were we cradled; in the struggles of freedom have our joints been knit; on the rich aliment of freedom have we grown to our present stature. With a somewhat too boastful spirit, perhaps, have we challenged the admiration of the world for our devotion to liberty; but an enthusiasm for the rights of man is so holy a passion that even its excesses are not devoid of the beautiful. We have not only won freedom for ourselves, but we have taught its sacred lessons to others. The shout of "Death to tyrants and Freedom for man," which pealed through this country seventy years ago, has at length reached across the Atlantic; and whoever has given an attentive ear to the sounds which have come back to us, within the last few months, from the European world, cannot have failed to perceive that they were only the far-travelled echoes of the American Declaration of Independence. But in the divine face of our liberty, they have seen one foul, demoniac feature. Whenever her votaries would approach her to worship, they have been fain to draw a veil over one part of her visage to conceal its hideousnds. Whence came this deformity on her otherwise fair and celestial countenance! Sad is the story, but it must be told. Her mother was a vampire. As the daughter lay helpless in her arms, the bedlam tore open her living flesh, and feasted upon her life-blood. Hence this unsightly wound, that affrights whoever beholds it. But sir, I must leave dallying with these ambiguous metaphors. One wants the plain sinewy Saxon tongue, to tell the deeds that should have shamed devils. Great Britain was the mother. Her American Colonies were the daughter. The mother lusted for gold. To get it, she made partnership with robbery and death. Shackles, chains, and weapons for human butchery, were her outfit in trade. She made Africa her hunting ground. She made its people her prey, and the unwilling colonies her market-place. She broke into the Ethiop's home, as a wolf into a sheepfold at midnight. She set the continent a-flame that she might seize the affrighted inhabitants as they ran shrieking from their blazing hamlets. The aged and the infant she left for the vultures; but the strong men and the strong women she drove, scourged and bleeding, to the shore. Packed and stowed like merchandise between unventilated decks, so close that the tempest without could not ruffle the pestilential air within, the voyage was begun. Once a day the hatches were opened to receive food, and disgorge the dead. Thousands and thousands of corpses, which she plunged into the ocean from the decks of her slave ships, she counted only as the tare of commerce. The blue monsters of the

For more than a century did the madness of this traffic rage. During all those years, the clock of eternity never counted out a minute that did not witness the cruel death, by treachery or violence, of some son or daughter, some father or mother, of Africa. The three million of slaves that now darken our southern horizon, are the progeny of those progenitors;—a doomed race, fated and suffering from sire to son. But the enormities of the mother country did not pass without remonstrance. Many of the colonies expostulated against and rebuked them. The New England colonies, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, presented to the throne the most humble and suppliant petitions, praying for the abolition of the trade. The colonial legislatures passed laws against it. But their petitions were spurned from the throne. Their laws were vetoed by the governors. In informal negotiations, attempted with the ministers of the crown, the friends of the slave were made to understand that royalty turned an adder's ear to their prayers. The profoundest feelings of lamentation and abhorrence were kindled in the bosoms of his western subjects by this flagitious conduct of the king. In that dark catalogue of crimes, which led our fathers to forswear allegiance to the British throne, its refusal to prohibit the slave trade to the colonies, is made one of the most prominent of those political offences which are said to "define a tyrant." In the original draught of the Declaration of Independence, this crime of King George the Third is set forth in the following words:

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN King of Great Britain. Determined to keep a market where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce."

Now, if the King of Great Britain prostituted his negative, that slavery might not be restricted, what, in after times, shall be said of those who prostitute their affirmative, that it may be extended? Yet it is now proposed, in some of the State legislatures, and in this Capitol, to do precisely the same thing in regard to the Territory of Oregon, which was done by Great Britain to her transatlantic possessions;—not merely to legalize slavery there, but to prohibit its inhabitants from prohibiting it. Though three thousand miles west of Great Britain, she had certain constitutional rights over us, and could affect our destiny. Though the inhabitants of Oregon are three thousand miles west of us, yet we have certain constitutional rights over them, and can affect their destiny. Great Britain annulled our laws for prohibiting slavery. We propose to annul an existing law of Oregon prohibiting slavery. If the execrations of mankind are yet too feeble and too few to punish Great Britain for her wickedness, what scope, what fullness, what eternity of execration and anathema, will be a sufficient retribution upon us, if we volunteer to copy her example! It was in the eighteenth century, when the mother country thus made merchandise of human beings—a time when liberty was a forbidden word in the languages of Europe. It is in the nineteenth century, that we propose to re-enact, and on an ampler scale, the same execrable villany—a time when liberty is the rallying cry of all Christendom. So great has been the progress of liberal ideas, within the last century, that what was venal at its beginning is unpardonable at its close. To drive coffles of slaves from here to Oregon, in the middle of the nineteenth century, is more infamous than it was to bring cargoes of slaves from Africa here, in the middle of the eighteenth. Yet such is the period that men would select to perpetuate and to increase the horrors of this traffic.

Sir, how often on this floor, have indignant remonstrances been addressed to the North, for agitating the subject of slavery! How often have we at the North been told that we were inciting insurrection, fomenting a servile war, putting the black man's knife to the white man's throat! The air of this Hall has been filled, its walls have been as it were sculptured by southern eloquence, with images of devastated towns, of murdered men and ravished women; and, as a defence against the iniquities of the institution, they have universally put in the plea that the calamity was entailed upon them by the mother country, that it made a part of the world they were born into, and therefore they could not help it. I have always been disposed to allow its full weight to this palliation. But if they now insist upon perpetrating, against the whole Western world, which happens at present to be under our control, the same wrongs, which, in darker days, Great Britain perpetrated against them, they will forfeit every claim to sympathy. Sir, here is a test. Let not Southern men, who would now force slavery upon new regions, ever deny that their slavery at home is a chosen, voluntary, beloved crime.

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METAPHORICAL EXPRESSIONS OF ATONEMENT.

How shall the various expressions in the Bible on atonement be regarded? It will be the object of the present paper to show that they are metaphorical. First, what is a metaphor? An example of it is in the words, "God is a sun." That is, he is the Enlightener of men. He is to the spiritual world what the sun is to the natural. So full is the Bible of metaphors, that it has been justly said he who would study metaphors must study the Bible. Metaphor is the language of the feelings. It is employed both in giving utterance to strong feeling, and to produce strong impression upon the feelings. It is often the most adequate clothing of great thoughts. Strip a particular declaration of its metaphor, and neither the mind perceives the truth so clearly, nor the heart feels it so strongly. But the moment the metaphor is turned into dogma, and from being an illustration of a truth, is made the truth itself, it is perverted. But this perversion has been a very common practice in philosophy, in morals, and in all the speculative sciences. In no department has it been practised more than in theology, or with so injurious effect.

Christ is called the Lamb of God, passover, propitiation, ransom. In St. John's Revelation, he is represented as a Lamb having seven horns and seven eyes. Certainly Christ is not literally any one of these. The language is, by the very necessity of the case, metaphorical. What is the idea expressed in the several metaphorical declarations? This is the question.

Taking the forms of expression that involve atonement, we say that Christ is called *Lamb of God* because he takes away the sin of the world—and this is what the Scripture itself declares. The *effect* of his mission is here presented, not the mode in which he accomplishes it. He takes away sin not vicariously, but by his truth and spirit, he removes sin by imparting the power to overcome and destroy it. That is, he makes a person righteous, holy, through the influence of his gospel on the heart.

Christ is the *propitiation* for our sins, not directly in the influence of his death on God, whether to make him willing to show mercy, or to make it consistent with his justice to grant mercy to the penitent, but in the influence of his death pre-eminently along with his life, to awaken penitence in the sinner, to restore him to holiness, and so to God's favor.

Christ is our *ransom;* that is, his mission effects our redemption from the power of sin. In other words, his gospel is the means which accomplishes our deliverance from sin, our return to duty, our practice of righteousness.

We are *redeemed by his blood*, as of a Lamb without blemish, because his death, as that of a pure and holy person, is the pre-eminent moral means which produces our repentance, our deliverance from sin, our renovation. The simple truth thus taught, is clothed with metaphor to produce a livelier effect on the heart, and to affect more radically the character.

The language thus employed, Dr. Bushnell has called a sacred liturgy from the hand of God for the world's feelings. Before any one can intelligently use it or be affected by it, he must of course be initiated into an understanding of the sacred rites of the Jews; or he must know something of sacrifice by seeing it practised around him, as may now be the case with some few pagan nations. But there are considerations which would seem to show that these particular sacrificial expressions were not intended to be the vehicle by which the spiritual truths pertaining to Christ should be always conveyed, or the medium through which the soul should look at truth.

And first, the sacrificial notions so common when Christ came, not only among Jews but among Gentiles, have in a great measure passed away. We can see a reason why they were presented by prophets and apostles, because it was the language of the times, and, to be understood, they must speak in the language of the times. But now the same reason would seem to urge that these modes of speech should not be so prominently insisted on. To those who have learned the customs of the Jews, it may be significant. Indeed, the expression of the feelings becomes fuller and richer as the mind enriches itself with all knowledge—whether the customs and history of mankind, or the facts of art and science. He who has the largest compass of knowledge, can also give the most varied expressions to one simple thought. With what new force has a simple idea, that we have been perfectly familiar with, come to the heart, as some new felicitious image from science, or from other sources, has been employed to illustrate it. But metaphors to produce effect must be taken from objects with which the mind is familiar. And it is undoubtedly because the minds of people are so little acquainted with Jewish rites and customs, that the great truths of Christ and his Cross, which are presented to men wrapped up in Jewish and sacrificial metaphors, have so little effect.

It then becomes a question, shall we teach the Jewish liturgy as a necessary or even as the best method to unfold and to perceive the truths of the Gospel? We will answer this question by an illustration from St. John's Revelation and accomplish also another purpose of showing in what light we regard that wonderful book. We have alluded to the image in it of the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes; and similar metaphors might be multiplied. Are these the medium through which we at the present day shall view truth? Shall we bring heaven and its inhabitants before us, and conceive of them as the Revelator has presented them? Doubtless some would respond in the affirmative, but we doubt whether they would be a majority of intellectual Christians.

It is altogether probable that St. John wrote with the intention to be understood. There were multitudes, numbering tens of thousands, from the various tribes of Israel, who could understand him because they were familiar with the objects and illustrations he presented. But the temple was destroyed, its sacred rites ceased, the very events which he symbolically presented came to pass. The primary use of the book was accomplished.

With the discontinuance of the Jewish ritual, and with the formation of the Church out of the Gentile world, the key to the Apocalypse was lost. For ages it was a hieroglyphical monument, like the pillars and tombs of Egypt. The key has indeed been discovered. We may take it, as we take the key which Champollion supplies for the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and edify ourselves with finding out what St. John wrote to the seven churches. But to recommend that the language here employed shall be the medium through which to view truth, would be as wise as to recommend the employment of the hieroglyphics of Egypt as the medium through which to view the acts learned by means of the key furnished by Champollion.

So in respect to the expressions in the Bible on atonement. It is unwise to insist on viewing Christianity chiefly through the medium of the Jewish liturgy, even after we have ascertained what is the meaning of its forms. But to stop to teach Judaism before communicating Christianity, this is greater folly still. And it is that in which the churches have been too much employed. Or worse even than this, they have been using Jewish liturgical terms as expressions of Christian ideas, with just as much effect as would accompany the teachings of a man who should use terms drawn from science among a people who are not at all familiar with the science.

There are methods of conveying the gospel to the human heart, which are found in the New Testament itself altogether disconnected from sacrificial views. It is a striking fact that Christ himself used these sacrificial views quite seldom, and we believe he did it because he would speak truths universally and easily intelligible. "Greater love," saith he, "hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for those whom he loves." To this simple truth, and to its moral power on the human heart, may be reduced all the metaphorical descriptions of sacrifice, of sin-offering, of blood shed for the remission of sin.

"WITHOUT SHEDDING OF BLOOD IS NO REMISSION."

Such is the declaration of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, ix. 22. The whole verse (of which it is the last clause) reads thus:—"And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission."

The writer simply affirms a fact which existed under the Jewish law. There was no *ceremonial* remission except with the shedding of blood. It is certainly a very great perversion, though it is very common, to take what the writer merely affirmed as matter of fact in relation to the customs of the Jews, and present it as a universal spiritual truth. Even Dr. Bushnell fell into this error, in his discourse at Cambridge; for he quoted the declaration as that which expresses man's conscious need of atonement. The epistle to the *Hebrews*, moreover, designates the use for which the writer intended the epistle. Writing to the Hebrews, he drew his illustrations from their sacred rites. But theologians have turned its illustrations into dogmas, and obscured the truths taught. Preachers have gone to it largely for doctrine, and made it an epistle to the Gentiles. They have taught for essential doctrine that which cannot be understood without first learning the history of the Hebrews, and thus have *Hebraized* Christianity. The fair logical completion of such a course would be to insist on circumcision.

THE ATONEMENT.—ITS CONTINUANCE IN THE CHURCH.—ITS RELATION TO THE SPIRITUAL WANTS OF MAN.

An argument for the doctrine of atonement has been derived from the fact that the Church have so tenaciously clung to it, and that in every age it has found such response in human hearts. There are considerations which diminish the force of this argument, and in our view destroy it. We very easily account for its existence in the Roman Catholic Church, because this Church combines much of the liturgy both of Judaism and Heathenism. Incorporated with that Church, it of course would stand so long as the Roman Catholic Church itself should stand. It has existed in the Protestant Church because out of the Catholic came the Protestant, which has discarded many of the old liturgical forms, but not all. The liturgical view of atonement has been cherished and is still cherished by the Protestant Church, from her particular view of the relation of the Old Testament to the New, and from the influences of the past.

The Church as the religious instructer of mankind, has prepared the way for the reception of particular doctrines. It has first taught, and then its teachings have been reflected in men, from generation to generation. It has preached the necessity of atonement, and when its pupils have begun to develope a religious experience, they have developed the feeling of the need of atonement which has been inculcated.

David Brainard, the missionary to the Indians, after long toil in teaching those ignorant heathen, and endeavoring to bring them to repentance, was permitted to see the fruit of his labors in a very powerful religious awakening among them. Their experience re-produced the doctrines he had so long and so faithfully taught. It was *Calvinistic*, to a very marked degree. President Edwards, who compiled the diary of Brainard, draws an argument, from the experience of those Indians, in favor of *Calvinism*. Now if Wesley had gone among them, the experience of the Indians would have been as decidedly *Arminian*—and the adaptedness of Arminianism to the nature and needs of man would have been just as convincingly proved. We account for the feelings of men on the subject of atonement, in the same way in which we account for the experience of the Indians in connexion with the doctrines of Calvinism under the preaching of Brainard. We account for it in the same way in which we account for what is peculiar in the religious experience of the Friends, under the preaching of *the inward light;* or of the peculiar religious experience of the Methodists in relation to their doctrine of the need of the inward testimony of the third person of the Trinity to the fact that they are the children of God. The argument, therefore, for the atonement, from the conscious need of man, is inconclusive and unsatisfactory. It is an artificial spiritual want, like a great many artificial bodily wants, into which man grows up through the force of education and habit.

There are those who have studied their nature very closely, and they find not this want of a vicarious atonement. They are men whose character is such as to forbid a suggestion from any one that they might be self-deceived, or self-ignorant. With a free presentation of themselves to the light, with the prayer "Search me, O God!" coming from the very bottom of the heart, they feel not what others insist on, the need of literal atonement. They feel the need of reconciliation of themselves to God, they feel the need of repentance and holiness; but they feel assured also that when the soul has repented, there is no bar between it and God, and that Jesus is exalted to give, i. e. produce repentance—produce it by the moral power of his truth and his spirit. The testimony of such persons,—and they number their tens of thousands—is not to be rejected, in estimating men's need of atonement, or of the adaptedness of atonement to meet the wants of men.

This objection, founded on the want of comprehensiveness of the doctrine in respect to the wants of men—holds good also in respect to the Scriptures. A vicarious atonement does not comprehend all the passages of Scripture. The fundamental idea of the moral influence of the death of Christ, does comprehend all, whether literal or metaphysical. The vicarious atonement occasions greater difficulties than it solves. We have no talisman, either in the Reason or in the feelings, sufficient to quiet the doubts and remove the perplexities which arise.

To return to Dr. Bushnell, who having dismissed, at the bidding of Reason, the various themes of atonement subjectively considered, brought back some of them, and particularly the vicarious, in its objective form as meeting the wants of the soul—we see not why, to be consistent, he did not bring them all back; that of *Irenaeus* among them, who felt that the devil ought not to be cheated out of his right and privilege to torment sinners, and therefore an equivalent was granted him in the torment he might inflict on the innocent Jesus in their stead.

In regard to the adaptedness of certain views to affect the feelings, we cannot but say, after an experience which warrants some testimony on the subject, that no view presented by Dr. Bushnell either recently or at any other time, and no distinctively orthodox view in any light in which it may be presented, has ever affected us so deeply as the simple declaration of Jesus—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"—or, "the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep;" and this declaration also of St. Paul,—Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from one degree of spiritual glory to another, by the spiritual power proceeding from the Lord as we thus behold him! We cannot but say, too, that the discourse of Dr. Bushnell, at Cambridge, would hardly compare with some of the sermons of Channing, for instance the Sermon on Love to Christ, on the Imitableness of Christ's Character, and on the Future life, in the effect produced on the hearer, or may produce on the reader. Channing has sounded greater depths of feeling than Bushnell, greater than any orthodox man *can* sound, with orthodox views; and Channing was a Unitarian. The deficiency of Unitarianism in respect to "solar warmth," as Dr. Bushnell expressed it in his discourse, we feel assured he would not apply to views of truth as presented by Channing. And if not here, then the deficiency is simply owing to the fact that Unitarians do injustice to their own views of truth.

We called particular attention to the communication of Rev. J. S. Clark in the *Register* of July 29th, on the action of the Massachusetts General Association, in relation to Normal and Common Schools. Mr. Clark's communication received some severe strictures from the pen of Rev. Mr. McClure in the editorial columns of the Recorder—Mr. McClure thus having two strings to his bow, one his Observatory, and the other the Recorder, for which he writes editorially while his name does not publicly appear in that capacity. To Mr. McClure's strictures, Mr. Clark replied in the Recorder of last week, and though we suppose it was not intended for the *Register*, we feel that duty to the whole subject requires us to lay before our readers his communication, which we confess we read with some surprise.

GEN. ASSOCIATION AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

REPLY OF REV. MR. CLARK.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It gives me pleasure, and I know it will others, to stand corrected in regard to the meaning of your language relative to the late doings of the General Association. It was *understood* to mean, that this ecclesiastical body had fully and unanimously sanctioned the apprehensions which the Recorder had heretofore expressed in reference to the Board of Education, its secretary and its normal schools; and the single object of my communication was to relieve the Association from this position in which I suppose they had been placed. But this, I am happy to be told, was not your meaning. "We spoke of the Association," you remark, "as sanctioning not at all the apprehensions, nor the same apprehensions—but *such* apprehensions, as we had felt it our duty to express." The error resulted from attaching a different meaning to the pronoun "such," from what the writer had in his mind. So far as this was my fault, I might plead *usus loquendi*, in extenuation; for common usage certainly gives countenance to just such a meaning as was actually conveyed. I had no other meaning in mind when I spoke of the Association as "not sanctioning any *such* thing,"—which you say "is a very gross mistake." The clause "any *such* thing," I supposed was equivalent to "that *same* thing,"—which you perceive is no mistake at all. That the General Association had apprehensions in regard to the aforesaid matters, is unquestioned and unquestionable. The appointment of a committee of investigation is evidence of it. So is the report which they adopted. "Its reasonings," I before said, "were *based* on apprehensions." But this is a very different thing from what had the appearance, though I rejoice to learn *only* the appearance of an attempt to make that body endorse testimony of others, just as they were beginning to enquire how much of the multitudinous and contradictory testimony floating about in the community is true.

As this was the only material correction which I attempted to make in the Recorder's first account of the General Association's doings at Chelsea, I see no occasion, on my part, to pursue the subject farther,—except barely to add, that the article was carried to the *Register*, because the mischief, which it seemed desirable to stop, was working out into the community through that particular channel, and in a way evidently designed and adapted to neutralize the force of a communication sent there the previous week in vindication of the whole Orthodox portion of West Newton from gross and groundless aspersions.

J. S. CLARK.

On this Mr. McClure thus comments.

It is with great pleasure that we publish the above communication from Rev. J. S. Clark, expressing himself as satisfied with our explanation of the matter which had like to have been in dispute. The wound, which indeed was but slight, is now as the surgeon's say, "healed by the first intention," and without a scar. We are not aware that there is any material disagreement between our views and his as to the relations of religion to our common school system.

Mr. McClure is doubtless correct as to his inference in respect to the position of Mr. Clark. Our readers will of course interpret Mr. Clark's previous communications in the *Register* in the light of the above letter. We would only add, that his closing remark in which he speaks of a design to neutralize his first communication, is, to use his own language, utterly a "gross and groundless aspersion." As matter of fact, the article of which he speaks was received before his own, and therefore could not be designed to neutralize its force. It takes away a great deal of the force of Mr. Clark's testimony given in the *Register*, when we thus find him indulging in the very faults he charged on another.

For the Register.

SMALL NUMBER OF STUDENTS IN CAMBRIDGE.

I perceive, sir, by your last paper that the Cambridge Divinity School is a subject of some interest with you and your correspondents. I have a word to say,—and I hope you will allow me to say it in the Register,—concerning *one* of the facts which you say have long given painful solicitude to the numerous friends of the School; *namely*, "the very small number of students." "As connected with the wants of our denomination (you say) it is a very painful fact. There may be, and doubtless there are, particular causes affecting the present attendance at Cambridge." What these particular causes are, you do not inform us, and it is the *particular* object of this communication to enlighten your readers on that subject.

There are two Professors in the Divinity School, and one in the College, who left their parishes for the higher honor or greater emolument connected with their respective professorships. These gentlemen are in the constant practice of supplying vacant pulpits—pulpits, which, of right, belong to the young men whom they have educated for the very purpose of filling those vacancies. Now, Sir, allow me to ask what encouragement there is for young men to spend three years at the Cambridge Divinity School, so long as their instructors continue to preach to vacant parishes, and thus, literally, take the bread from the mouths of the pupils! I believe it is susceptible of demonstration that the number of Unitarian preachers, who have no parishes, no constant employment, in fact, no home, but are compelled to lead a kind of vagrant life, is greater than the number of vacant pulpits belonging to that denomination. Under these circumstances, is it just and right that the Cambridge Professors, with ample salaries, and offices of their own choosing, should step into these vacant pulpits and exclude the candidates who live, or rather starve, on the pittance obtained by occasional employment and travelling from parish to parish at their own expense! I think not; and the graduates of the Cambridge School must sensibly feel the injustice of this *system of supply*. It is an act of kindness to young men, whose principles and feelings incline them to a preparation for the pulpit, to caution them to beware of the Cambridge Divinity School, or any Divinity School, the professors and instructors of which commit such a manifest wrong to the students.

Aug. 13, '48. CAMBRIDGE.

(We beg leave to differ from our correspondent. We do not believe that the cause assigned operates, in a single instance in the way of the settlement of a suitable and promising candidate.)

For the Register.

DEDICATION AND INSTALLATION AT HAVERHILL.

☞ We have received the following Order of services at the Dedication of the 1st Parish Congregational Church in Haverhill, and also at the Installation of its minister, Rev. James Richardson, Jr., Wednesday, Aug. 9th, 1848:

Forenoon Exercises.

I. Voluntary on the Organ—Anthem.

II. Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Higginson, of Newburyport.

III. Hymn, by Rev. S. Longfellow, of Fall River.

IV. Prayer, Dedicatory, by Rev. Mr. Stone, of Salem.

V. Hymn, by the Pastor elect.

VI. Sermon, from the text, "Ye are the temple of the Living God," by the Pastor elect.

VII. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Goodrich, of Haverhill.

VIII. Anthem.

IX. Benediction.

Services of Installation—Afternoon Exercises.

I. Voluntary and Anthem.

II. Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Harrington, of Lawrence.

III. Hymn, by Henry W. Longfellow.

IV. Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop, of Boston, from the text, "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

V. Hymn, by J. G. Whittier.

VI. Prayer, by Rev. Sumner Lincoln, of Hampton Falls, N. H.

VII. Right Hand, by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, of Fall River.

VIII. Charge, by Rev. J. W. Thompson, of Salem.

IX. Address to the People, by Rev. John Pierpont, of Troy, N. Y.

X. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hodges, of Cambridge.

XI. Doxology.

XII. Benediction.

[No remarks on the performances accompany the above, but we learn that the occasion passed off very pleasantly. We regret that, through misunderstanding, no previous notice was given of the dedication, &c., in the Register. So late as Thursday of the week previous, the day our paper begins to issue from the press, we had received only *indirect* information of the occasion; and it was from the Sec. of the Unitarian Assoc., who had written a notice on his own responsibility, and who, under the circumstances, did not feel quite certain that the dedication would actually take place at the time he mentioned. On Friday, as we have since been informed, he received a request to have the occasion noticed in the Register; too late, however, as our friends at Haverhill will perceive—the whole edition of the *Register* for that week having been already printed. A correspondent has communicated an account of the *edifice*, and of localities at Haverhill, which will appear next week.]

For the Register.

OUR NATURE.

On all subjects controversies would be few were definitions perfect. Disputants attach different ideas to the same word, and thence seem to be at a great distance from each other in their opinions, when in reality they are almost touching, if they do not quite coincide. The want of exact definitions has been particularly pressing on moral subjects; moral ideas are so subtile, so indeterminate, so evanescent in their nature. It is this more than any thing else which has so long torn to pieces the Christian world. We cannot get men's associations with a word to run parallel: and so the same phraseology enters our mind surrounded with clouds of darkness and gloom, and another all emblazoned with light and joy. Our nature is among these subjects: the moral characteristics of human nature. What different views are taken of it, and yet all founded in truth. They are only taken from different sides of truth.—We know what an immense difference is made by our looking at a picture in different lights, or from opposite parts of a room. And so one man considers our nature only not diabolic, and another only less than angelic. And they both adduce plausible proofs. The shield of the statue was both gold and silver; and each of the knights was right in his opinion, but were wrong in seeking to take each other's life, because they forgot that the shield had two sides. One man says, "Look over the world. Who is faultless? Who thinks his neighbor faultless? Who goes to bed without locking the door of his house? Where are there no bars and bolts, and arms defensive and offensive, and jails and court houses and state prisons or gibbets? Where is the prevailing standard of virtue within sight even of that abstract standard of duty which religion and dispassionate reason propose! In what community, in what communion would it be prudent to bid the principle, Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself, pass through the land and sweep all that was not in conformity with it? How much would remain! Only put your standard as high as it ought to be, and who will be found coming up to it? A single item of the Decalogue enforced in its spirituality and fulness of import would prove to all mankind an unsparing besom of destruction." And in confirmation of these views he quotes scriptural representations which seem to him to blacken our nature with as foul a hue as he desires. On the other hand we hear it said;—"Is not our nature God's work? Can it be imperfect then? Nay are we not told in the Bible that man was made in the image of his Maker? And can we not point out pleasant qualities in every one we meet?" And then the facts of scripture are produced that favor the subject. And the inference that seems to be drawn is that therefore men in general are Christians by the necessity of the case. There is no change needed in them. There are no truths to learn, no new qualities to acquire, no peculiar sentiments to impress on the mind and heart by system and direct endeavor. The spirit of the world at large is the spirit of the Gospel. At any rate it must be a right spirit, because it is natural, and allowed by the Creator of the world. And so it seems to some to be satisfactorily established that nothing could in any supposable case be wrong, because there is a Deity over all, directing with infinite wisdom and power.

Now both these opinions are true and both are false. They both contain some truth and some falsehood. The former, however, I need spend no time, at least with readers of the Register, in refuting. It is too little flattering to ourselves ever to become very dangerous. But the latter I fear more may prove the serpent that charms only to destroy. If it be sound, the immediate practical inference is, that we have nothing to do to become good Christians, for we are so by the necessity of our nature. Let us follow our nature, whatever may be its desires and passions, inclination our only law, self indulgence the most certain self improvement. Let us shut up our churches and burn our bibles, and pull down our judicial tribunals, and abolish all our institutions for the suppression of vice: we have no need of them, God has made us as we are, and there can be no defect in the work of his hands. A principle which leads to these consequences must be founded in error. Let us put aside the always welcome delusion of self flattery, as well as the overcharitableness of judgment to which the benevolent are prone, and seek the root of the mistaken confusion that prevails on this subject in the different definitions maintained of our nature. In strictest propriety it is that condition of our being with which we are born: And this alone is meant by the term in the mouths of many. And in this sense our nature plainly must be faultless as far as our responsibility is concerned. There can be no guilt in an infant. It is unconscious of either right or wrong, whatever may be its movements. It is therefore innocent. Perfectly so: But by no means virtuous. Virtue must always be voluntary. It implies choice, preference of good or evil. A child, it is true, very early shows symptoms of all the bad passions as well as the good which may afterwards be developed. But there can be no criminality in what is not known to be criminal. It is only obeying wildly those impulses of self-love which are wisely implanted in all beings for preservation, and which we cannot conceive absent from Almighty God himself. This is our nature at our birth: Neither good nor evil morally; but endowed with capacities to be either, and a free will to choose which of these shall be developed through life. As scripture expresses it, "Lo this only have I found, that God has made man upright;" or more correctly, "right or aright; but they have sought out many inventions." When our translation was made, we are told, the word upright did not express, as with our present associations, moral integrity deliberately chosen, but it corresponded in meaning with our more simple and general word right.

The first and most liberal idea of human nature then is the condition we are in at our birth. But another is more common; that in which the generality of men are now; that which is the average of their moral condition after they attain to the exercise of reason. The common proverb briefly expresses it; that custom is second nature. The actual present habits of society are in the mind of most people when they speak of human nature. These, it is evident, vary with times and places. Society is more corrupt in one age or nation than in others. It is more pure, we are grateful in thinking, with us than it was in the old communities to which the denunciations of the Bible were addressed.—But still to think that society with us taken in a mass is Christianized; that the Gospel has nothing more to do here is inconsistent with one moment's glance over the ways of the world.—"Be not conformed to this world," is still the warning voice needed. For the practices and even the principles of the majority of men,—without maintaining that they are contrary to the spirit of Christ,—it is sufficient for my purpose to say that they do not come up to that all comprehending and all penetrating spirit.—This is what we Unitarians mean when we say that human nature is depraved, and this is what the Scriptures mean. In them, nature, as the best critics have shown, is used in the sense of a course or habit of life,—which is second nature,—those customs which have been confirmed by so long and universal prevalence that they might even be thought to proceed invariably from some native instinct. Thus Paul tells the Ephesians that they "had been dead in trespasses and sins in time past, walking according to the course of this world in the lusts of the flesh, and were by nature, or in their nature, the children of wrath;" that is, heirs of the divine displeasure on account of their actual vices, being brought up from their birth in such vile courses as could not but subject them to the disapproval of God. He says they were by nature, or in their nature, children of wrath, not are; which shows that he refers to their particular habits in life in their past unconverted state, and does not use the word nature in a sense in which it is the same at all times and with all mankind. In this last literal sense, to speak of acquiring a particular nature would be a contradiction in terms. But what is more common than to speak, and be understood too, without any difficulty when we speak, of acquiring a nature! We say the nature of a murderer, the nature of a gambler; and we mean their present dispositions and characteristics, though they may have been all acquired since their birth. And so, too, we say the nature of a Christian, even though we may be of those who hold that to become Christians requires the supernatural interposition of the spirit of God.—There is another meaning attached to the word nature, which, I suppose, is held in view when it is asserted that Christianity requires nothing contrary to our nature. The idea is that it requires nothing injurious to the constitution with which God has endowed us, and nothing which our natural reason would approve of when exercised without prejudice and passion. And this is very true. And in the same sense the law of nature is an immaculate law, and to live according to nature is to live most wisely and happily. And yet tell the unphilosophical multitude to live according to nature, that is, according to their present nature, their accidental passion, caprices and desires acquired from the reigning influences of the world, and see whether this rule would be faultless, or their life wise and happy. There is a vast difference between those eternal principles of right which our nature is capable of discovering and appreciating and improving by, and those actual propensities under which it has become enslaved. And yet we use the word nature, our nature, as a general expression for both; and the mistake ensuing has done immeasurable mischief. For it is the turning point of that one, and comparatively only, momentous question, have we any thing to do to become Christians; or shall we give ourselves up to impulse and our passions? I cannot answer for others, but for myself I have only to read my New Testament and then read my own heart, to feel authorized to assert that the spirit of Christ is not my natural spirit in all its peculiarities—that it is not an unavoidable thing to be a Christian. And looking out upon the jostling throng of men absorbed in the world's selfish rivalries and enmities, knaveries and sensualities, I cannot but think that at the present time of day but few of us find it perfectly natural, in every sense of the word, to be meek and forgiving and lowly minded and selfdenying and devoted from the soul to their God and Savior, I hope my readers differ from me, and find it quite natural to be all this. If they all do, and can prove it to me, I should rejoice to congratulate them on their conviction upon such good ground of my ignorance of human nature.

As to our nature being the work and image of God and therefore necessarily pure, only a very simple answer is needful. The nature imparted to us by the Deity, and in which we resemble him, is that of intelligent moral agents, capable of discerning, and free to choose, good or evil. Free will is the great rational gift. Now if any one can conceive of Almighty God himself being able to prevent our vitiating our nature without taking away that free will, it is what I cannot. Our original nature, I repeat, is in itself neither bad nor good, in a moral view. It is nothing but a bundle of abstract capacities. We are capable of becoming bad, and we are capable of becoming good, and free will is to choose.

If any one says religion and virtue are natural to us because we have capacities for them, conceptions of them, tendencies to them, aspirations after them; I answer so they are, and so are irreligion and vice just as natural too for similar reasons; as any days experience shows. Do we not see people irreligious and vicious as well as others pious and holy! Both states then must be natural; that is for both we must have capacities.

This then is the great truth desirable to have written on our minds as with the point of a diamond; that it rests with ourselves what we shall be; that we are not to trust to our nature passively to make us Christians; that we are rather to be suspicious of it now that there are so many social influences at work around us bissing it into a sinister direction. It is a very good nature for the purposes for which it was intended; but it must be wisely used. Throwing the reins of our inclinations on its neck, and the probability is, in the present state of the world, that it follows a multitude to do evil. The wide spread desolation of worldliness, immorality and indevotion in every land declare it. The time may come in the progress of society when the general bias may be the other way, and then, but not till then, will it be safe to trust our nature without a guard. At present, to be Christians—it is a simple but unspeakably momentous truth—we must purpose and struggle and pray, ay wrestle in prayer to become so. H. C. E.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Popular Objections to Unitarian Christianity, Considered and Answered, in Seven Discourses. By George W. Burnap, Pastor of the 1st Independent Church of Baltimore. Boston: Wm. Crosby & H. P. Nichols. 1848. 16mo. pp. 100.

Mr. Burnap's excellent Discourse at the reopening of his church, (from which the readers of the Register have seen extracts,) is the first, followed by six of the same high order. If any body thinks such a work not needed, he knows but little of the state of religious feeling in the Church; he has not acquainted himself with the great and good effects produced by the "apologies for Christianity," and the defences of Protestantism, in past times. Mr. B. has shown his practical acquaintance with matters, by meeting objections which really exist and extensively prevail; and he has met them with characteristic candor, force and skill, and with the Christian spirit. We believe his work to be admirably calculated to do great good, and *one* clergyman has shown in what estimation he regards it, by taking *one hundred copies*.

The Westminster Review and the Edinburg Review, for July.

We have received our copies through T. Wiley Jr., where those who wish to subscribe, or take numbers occasionally, will always be accommodated.

The contents of the Westminster are, Principles of Political Economy; Harriet Martineau's Eastern Life; Literature of the U. S; Chancellor Hardwicke; Thiers' History; Sanitary Improvement; English University Education; The new Houses of Parliament; Address to the Queen; Foreign Literature; Critical Notices.

The contents of the Edinburg, are Provencial and Scandinavian Poetry; Sharpe's History of Egypt; Diary in Borneo &c.; Strauss' Political Pamphlet; Herschel's Survey of the Southern Heavens; The Revolt in Lombardy; Academical Test Articles; Goldsmith; The French Republic; German Empire. Of these we have read *Goldsmith*; and a capital, interesting article it is.

The Boston Directory containing the city Record &c., a general directory of the citizens, and a special directory of trades, professions, &c 1848-9. By George Adams.

The unwearied industry, the enterprise, the good taste, the thoroughness, shown in the preparation and execution of this volume, are greatly to be commended. It is a fine specimen of art, as well as an indispensable convenience for dwellers in the city, and also those who frequent the city. *Four thousand* new names are added. A fine map accompanies the volume. Published and for sale at 95 1-2, Washington st.

Littell's Living Age. No. 223.

We have never yet seen the number of this Magazine that we could call dull, or destitute of interesting, important information.

Chambers' Miscellany. No. 25.

This No. commences vol. IX of this valuable work—three nos. to the vol.

Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate. Edited by S. G. Goodrich.

This is a new combined work, published at one dollar per year—Robert Merrey and Peter Parley both putting their heads together to furnish wholesome periodical amusement and instruction for the young. What with illustrations, stories, &c., we suppose it must become a favorite.

Aquidneck and other poems. By Charles T. Brooks.

A small collection of poems, 12mo., in paper

covers, and beautifully printed. The leading poem derives its title from the Indian name of Newport, and signifies Isle of Peace. It was delivered at the 100th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Redwood Library Company of that place, Aug. 24, 1847. Mr. Brooks has given the name *descriptive* to his poems.—They are also moral, spiritual, and Christian in the highest sense; they not only fill the mind's eye with beautiful images, and the ear with melody, but the soul with elevating thought. "The Faithfu' Auld Camlet Cloak" is an exception to the character of the other poems, not in grace, purity, or even Christian tone, but only in facetiousness—of which it is indeed a charming example.

Godey's Lady's Book Edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale, September, 1848.

A brilliant number both in illustrations and matter.—From Hotchkiss & Co.

Alfred in India.

Another charming volume of Gould, Kendall & Lincoln's issue of Chambers' Library for the Young.

Modern French Literature, By L. Raymond de Vericour. Revised, with notes, by William Staughton Chase, A. M. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 1848. 12 mo. pp. 444.

The author gives a succint and able account of French Literature; especially the literature of the 19th century, embracing intellectual philosophy, political tendencies, criticism, history, romance, the drama, and poetry, and sketches the principal French authors in their respective departments. The editor has increased its interest and value, by his revision and notes. A mezzotint likeness of Lamartine accompanies the volume. The editor has found a good author, and the author a good editor. We have learned on inquiry, what we presumed from the name on the title page and from a filial reference in the Preface, that the editor is the son of Rev. Dr. Chase recently of Newton Theol. Seminary. Three years' residence in Paris, added to his former training and attainments, amply qualify him for his task.

☞ We unwillingly omitted noticing, in last Saturday's Register, Mr. *Lemuel Gilbert's* brilliant entertainment on the Thursday evening previous, at his piano-forte warerooms, in which he exhibited his new *Boudoir Piano-Forte*, and tested, to the satisfaction of a numerous company, the superior volume and mellowness of the instrument, which, under the extempore and flying fingers of *Mr. Mœder*, spoke

"In notes of many a winding bout,
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out;
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting" touch "through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

The company retired at 10 o'clock to an adjacent spacious work-room, where a table was spread with "nectared sweets" fit for Apollo himself and the whole host of lyric divinities to partake of. Rev. Mr. Kirk presided with animation and grace.

☞ The Teachers' Institute of the Boston Academy of Music, under the lead of Messrs. Mason, Webb, and Johnson, of Boston, and of Mr. Root of New York, have been holding their *annual* session, during this and the past week, at the Tremont Temple. The orchestral music was very superior; the choruses performed by seven or eight hundred, were as a

"shout
Loud as from numbers without number."

Messrs. Root and Ball sang two solos with fine effect: Miss Stone, accompanied by Kendall with his clarionett, musical as is Apollo's lute, magnificently executed another. The whole was concluded grandly with the Hallelujah Chorus and Old Hundred. Our paper goes forth before their session is concluded, and we hope will induce many to swell the attendance on the remaining concerts.

Dedication in Stow. The new Church erected by the First Parish in Stow, will be dedicated on Wednesday 30th inst. Services to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sermon by Rev. Chandler Robbins.

☞ We caution the brethren against a young man calling himself James McNair, of Windsor Vermont, who pretends to come from Meadville and is still practising imposition on the clergymen of our country parishes, under pretence of having lost his money. S.

☞ We would call attention to the *Fair* to be held in Faneuil Hall, on the 1st and 2d days of September next, to relieve the press of the *Prisoners' Friend*. The 2d of September is Howard's birth day. Give aid. "Bring Flowers," cottons, refreshments; and give your presence.

Commencement at Cambridge. The annual commencement of this institution will take place on Wednesday, the 23d August. We understand that the present graduating class is somewhat larger than that of last year, and also that the number of candidates for the freshmen class will be unusually large.

Rev. Dr. Bushnell will deliver the address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and Epes Sargent, Esq., the poem.

☞ The Thursday Lecture will be omitted, next week, on account of the Commencement at Cambridge.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Methodist Institute, Concord, N. H.—At the meeting of the N. H. General Conference at Concord, N. H. "resolutions were passed," says the Cong. Journal, "in favor of the Biblical Institute in this town, expressing confidence in the ability of the Professors, and pledging their vigorous co-operation in sustaining it by pecuniary aid and recommending, suitable young men. In this arduous and for the present *up hill* enterprise, we wish them all success. The projectors have, not mistaken the wants of the age, nor from short sighted views been unable to look into the future. The prejudices of the ignorant must be encountered for a season, just as Andover had its opponents in our own denomination at the outset; but they will give way to a manly courage and the certain progress of more enlarged views of ministerial qualifications and responsibilities."

Missionary Retrenchment.—The Mission'ary Herald for August, says; owing to the heavy debt of the Board, the missions have been compelled to make retrenchments in their expenses, and of course in their plans of operations. The Madura mission have been under the painful necessity of dismissing large numbers of their free pupils, thus virtually sending them back to be more firmly bound with the shackles of heathenism.

Rev. Mr. Muzzy, of that mission, in a letter dated April, 18, says: "*Four or five hundred of our pupils* who were learning to read the Scriptures, committing scripture catechisms to memory, and regularly listening to the preaching of the Gospel on the Sabbath, as well as on other days, have been sent away to grow up under all the degrading influences of heathen superstition."

Dr. King's Return to Athens.—We learn from the Traveller, that this respected and beloved missionary has found it practicable to return to Athens, the scene of his former labors. It is not in consequence of any assurance from men in power, as we understand, that he has ventured upon this step. But some important changes having occurred, he has resolved to make the experiment, and ascertain whether there is any thing like religious liberty in Greece. He found his reception more favorable than he had presumed to expect.

German Mission in Rochester.—We learn with high gratification, says the Genesee Evangelist, that the Methodist Episcopal Church are about to establish a mission among the Germans of our city. $200 have been appropriated by the Board at New York for the object. A preacher will be sent forthwith.

Rev. Mr. Sauter, German Methodist Missionary at Buffalo, during his first year's labors, which closed yesterday, has taken sixty two into his society, and has also erected a substantial church edifice.

The Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church have appropriated $48,225 to Domestic, and $34,000 to Foreign Missions, this year. It authorized two additional Missionaries for Oregon and two for California.

Methodism in New-Hampshire. The number of *superannuated* ministers is 18. The increase of the membership of the churches last year was 487. The four Bishops receive each about $15 from the funds of the Conference towards their support. The number of Sabbath Schools is 106; teachers 1150;—scholars 6791; conversions 191; volumes in libraries 16,423. An increasing interest is felt in behalf of Sabbath Schools, and the number of scholars is much greater than heretofore.

Rev. Mr. Neale, of this city, preached on Sabbath morning last, his eleventh anniversary sermon. Since his connection with the society, six hundred have been received into the church by baptism. Much harmony and general efficiency have marked the history of the society during this period.

Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York, preached his 38th annual sermon at the Brick church, Beekman street, on Sunday.

Six French Missionaries arrived at Honolulu in the Adelaide.

A Quakeress Missionary. Susan Howland sailed on Wednesday morning in the Europa for Liverpool. She is accompanied by her husband, Joseph Howland, a wealthy, retired merchant, of New Bedford. This benevolent friend, moved with sympathy for Europeans on the continent, in their darkness, now struggling for that liberty which the gospel alone can bestow, has relinquished the comforts of home and a large circle of devoted relatives and friends, to carry the light of the divine word to France and other adjacent countries, as Providence may open the way. Their children, and numerous other friends of the society, accompanied them to the Europa, in the bay, where they silently commended this devoted missionary to the protection of the Almighty, and received the parting benediction.—Post.

COLLEGE RECORD.

Trinity College, Hartford Ct. On Tuesday evening, the Parthenon Society had their exhibition. On Wednesday afternoon an oration was delivered before the House of Convocation, by Hon. D. D. Barnard, of Albany, and a poem by Rev. Wm. Croswell, D. D., of Boston—and in the evening, the junior exhibition took place.

The Commencement exercises it is said were more interesting than usual. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 14 graduates; of A. M. on 8; of D. D. on two bishops in Scotland, and Rev. Thomas Atkinson of Baltimore.

The trustees have unanimously elected the Rev. John Williams, D. D., of Schenectady, (an alumnus of the college,) President of the Institution, in place of Dr. Tutten, resigned.

Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati.—The Western Christian Advocate states that the entire number of students in this institution, during the last collegiate year amounted to 442.

New York Free College.—The New York City Board of education have made choice of Professor Webster, of Geneva College, as Principal of the Free Academy about to be established in that place. Salary $2500.

St. Xavier College, Cincinnati.—The exercises of this institution closed last evening with the Addresses and Valedictory of the Graduates, the conferring of degrees, and the distribution of premiums to those who had distinguished themselves during the session which has just now closed. The first address on the "Advantages of Democratic Government," delivered by Master L. Damarin, was remarkable alike for its simplicity of style, beauty of language, and strength and soundness of reasoning.

L. Damarin was followed by P. McGroarty, Esq., in an address upon "Pagan and Christian Philosophy."

The Degree of A. M. was conferred upon this gentleman at the close of the exercises.

After Mr. McGroarty concluded, Master E. F. Dickinson came forward upon the stage and in the name of his fellow graduates, delivered the valedictory. Rev. J. E. Blox, President of the College, responded to the farewell of the graduates, in a most feeling and eloquent manner. He reviewed the course of their collegiate studies, spoke of their honorable success, of the difficulties they may expect to meet with in embarking upon the rough sea of a merciless world, and exhorted them to persevere in virtue and religion, as the surest means of triumphing over the dangers and vicissitudes of life, and as the straightest path to honor, eminence and usefulness in society. At the conclusion of his address the President thanked the public for the generous patronage they have extended to the institution, and promised, on behalf of the professors, to continue to deserve the favor of the community.—Sat. Eve. News, Cincinnati.

Hampden-Sidney College, Va. The friends of this institution, under the patronage, of the Presbyterians, have raised the sum of $60,000 for its endowment by obtaining subscriptions for 600 scholarships at $100,00 each.

Mississippi University. The election of President and Professors of this Institution was held on the day advertised. It is said that there were near *eighty* candidates for appointment, in response to the invitation of the Trustees, for individuals to make application. Prof. Sims, of Virginia University, was chosen President, and Rev. J. N. Waddel, of Montrose, Miss, Professor of Ancient Languages.

University of Michigan. The commencement of this infant but prosperous institution was held on the 19th of July, when 17 students delivered addresses and took the degree of A. B. Gen. Cass was present on the occasion, and orations were delivered by Dr. Adam, by G. V. N. Lathrop, Attorney General of the State, and Rev. Mr. Cole.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Steamer Acadia, which arrived on Sunday last, brought no special intelligence except from Ireland, where the flame of insurrection and civil war seemed at the very point of bursting out

NEW SCHEMES OF CONQUEST AND ANNEXATION.

There has appeared in the New Orleans papers of late the following advertisement.—

"*Buffalo Hunt on the Rio Grande.* All those desirous of joining the Buffalo hunt upon the Rio Grande next fall, are requested to send in their names and address to the Grand Scribe of the O. O. O., on or before the first day of September next. They will state the number of persons in each party, their equipments, &c. Rifles, and muskets, or "revolvers," must be furnished by each nunter. As the party may expect occasional attacks from the hostile Indians roaming in that section of country, it is recommended that each party should be organized and drilled before meeting at the rendezvous. It is expected that many friendly Mexicans, skilful in the sport, and acquainted with the habits and haunts of the *animal*, will join the party. Due notice of the time of meeting and the rendezvous will be given through the public press."

The same advertisement also recently appeared in the reading columns of the Boston Post. Says the National Intelligencer,

"Without preface we place before our readers, in the precise language of authority, information upon which we place entire reliance:

'The arrangements are nearly completed for the contemplated new Republic, to consist of the Mexican Provinces on the Rio Grande, with San Luis as the capital, and Tampico and Matamoras as the seaports. General Shields is at the head of the movement, and is now probably at San Luis in general council to make the final arrangements. Many have already gone from New Orleans to meet him: the American force will not be less than five thousand men. Our Government (the Executive) were consulted; but they said they would neither *aid* nor *oppose* it. They *will* aid it, notwithstanding their declaration. They can leave arms, ammunition, &c. at Tampico, and on the Rio Grande, and let the invading force *take* them. Further *annexation* is the object, after the new Republic of 'Sierra Madre' has declared its independence of Mexico.'

The correspondent of the *N. Y. Express*, alluding to the information given in the Intelligencer, says:

"The history of this Mexican war is not yet half written. One of the early incidents not yet written, will show *that an Expedition was planned for New Mexico, from Missouri, before the war began.* This, too, was a Buffalo hunt, which progressed more rapidly than contemplated, by the breaking out of the war on the Rio Grande. One fact, however, is ommitted, and that is that General Shields has been in the pay of the Government, while preparing all these nefarious schemes for a further annexation of Mexican Territory. The organs of the Government are playing the same infamous game in this matter that was played in the annexation of Texas. Nothing is done openly, nothing is sanctioned openly, but covertly all kinds of encouragement to a new Revolution, a new war, and ultimately new annexation. The Union can hardly bear such burdens as these without receiving a shock alike injurious to its character and its moral existence."

The Government have denied all participation, and all knowledge of this matter. But the plot so secretly contrived, and so successfully executed, of the conquest and annexation of Texas and Mexico, has prepared us, however startling the intelligence, for any similar bold and infamous attempt.

It has been well said that *the price of liberty is perpetual vigilance.* There have been vigilant watchmen from the beginning of our Republic; but when they have forewarned of danger, few have believed their report. To what extent a righteous Providence may extend the retribution for the conquest and anexation of Texas and Mexico; whether the deplorable evils that have already been experienced, in debt, and in the loss of so many of our citizens, and in the extension of slavery, shall be regarded as sufficient in His sight, who will by no means clear the guilty, we know not. But if the Judge of all the earth heareth prayer, then let all the churches in the land lift up their voice in view of this new impending peril—Spare, Lord, and give not up thy heritage to perpetual reproach! And let us all *act* too, and by every righteous constitutional means, strive to avert so appalling an evil; an evil which has such a bearing on the moral, civil and religious interests of unborn generations.

Congressional. On Thursday Aug. 10, the *Senate* took up the *Oregon* bill. *Mr. Webster* expressed himself briefly, but as it is said, in his most earnest, effective manner. Said he,

"For one, I wish to avoid all committal, all traps by way of preamble or recital; and as I do not intend to discuss this question at large, I content myself with saying, in a few words, that my opposition to the further extension of local slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave representation in Congress, is general and universal. It has no reference to the limits of latitude or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension and all such increase, in all places, at all times, under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitation of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromise. If it be the pleasure of the Senate to take it as it came from the House of Representatives, it shall have my support. If amended, I shall vote against it. So much for the Oregon Territory.

With respect to California and New Mexico, no subject regarding them is before the Senate, and therefore I have only one remark to make, and that is, that the controversy which has arisen in the councils of the country respecting the government of those territories, is just exactly that controversy which I supposed it very easy to foresee from the very beginning; easier to foresee from the beginning, I fear, than it is now to foresee a peaceable and satisfactory termination of it. That subject is not now before us. I will therefore say no more upon it, but that I am happy in the reflection that, for one, I had nothing to do with the commencement of the late war with Mexico, but to oppose it with all my might; and that I had nothing to do with the treaty which terminated that war, but to oppose it with all my might. I regarded the war as a calamity—I regarded the treaty as a calamity—and I fear it is likely to prove, by the annexations and acquisitions which it has brought to us, a greater because a more prominent calamity than the war itself."

Mr. Butler of South Carolina followed in a speech in which he vehemently reiterated,—"That if a law is passed excluding slavery from territories adapted to slave labor, he would before God, advise his constituents, to go out with their slaves and occupy the country—and go out with arms in their hands, prepared to maintain their rights to the last extremity."

Mr. Hale argued that the South, in the annexation of Texas, had agreed that Oregon should come in free; now they cry no, and demand the right to violate their pledges. South Carolina might be very determined in her position, but she would find this time that the North was in earnest, and that her position was also taken. If the South was so immoderate as to go to war in defiance of law, the North would have the moderation, the will, and the power to meet the case.

Mr. Calhoun: This question will not heal itself; we shall have to settle it, and the sooner the better. The consequences will be fatal, unless the evil is arrested. He gave the history of the origin of this excitement. The ignorance of the fanatics of the North started it. Jackson's proclamation of 1835, by strengthening the idea of the supremacy of the federal government, gave strength to this cause of abolition. The question of abolition petitions had further aggravated it. The ambition of a disappointed man in the North, who owes everything to the South, had concentrated all the elements of opposition against it. But can this thing go on? No, sir. We must settle it, or it must lead to the dissolution or the overthrow of our institutions—one or both, and more likely both than one. He dwelt upon the signs of the times, tending to this awful result. The South would yield—the North would not yield—Where is to be the compromise? The only plan was the Senate bill, lately rejected by the House; but that bill had been offered as an amendment to this; it was because there was no prospect of its passage. He deeply regretted this aspect of things. He defended the institution of slavery and the rights of the South, and depicted the universal distress that would follow emancipation in the South. He would not vote for any compromise upon the question; but would acquiesce, if the compromise should be assented to by Senators from the North, in reference to all the territories.

Several speakers followed Mr. Calhoun, and the bill, receiving an amendment in favor of extending the Missouri compromise to the Pacific Ocean, was adopted: Yeas 33, Nays 21.

On Saturday Aug. 12, the *Oregon* Bill, being returned again from the House with a disagreement to the amendment of the Senate, was taken up. Mr. Benton made a motion to recede. Meantime a motion made to lay the bill and amendment on the table, was negatived by a vote of yeas 17, nays 30. The discussion continued until 4 o'clock P. M., when the Senate had a recess until half past five.

A telegraphic dispatch sent from New York to Boston at 9 o'clock, Monday, P. M., announced the deeply gratifying intelligence that the Oregon bill *passed the Senate, with the Wilmot Proviso, at 10 o'clock Sunday.* Yeas 29. nays 23.

Mr. Webster, it is said, made a great speech, Saturday night.

"Mr. *Benton* said, disunion was 'sound and fury, signifying nothing,' and that if any individual should attempt to raise the standard of disunion, the women and children would take him and tie him with a string until he came to his senses; the men of the country would not think it worth their while to go to trouble. They would leave it to the women and children."

Mr Benton urged with great force that the North had magnanimously assented to the admission of Florida and Texas; that Oregon was never contemplated by the South in any light but as free territory; that the people of the North and the South united in the election of Polk and Dallas upon the basis of the acquisition and admission of Texas and Oregon. But Mr. Calhoun, on the other hand, declared that it was not a question whether Oregon should have a government or not. The South had refused all compromise. He had told his constituents that Congress did not intend to compromise it. The other day there seemed to be a majority for compromise, but it was found to be a delusion. The question had become one of equality of public rights.

General Houston made a very sensible speech, deprecating the course taken by Southern Senators, who, as he said, were making an issue, invoking the dissolution of the Union upon the admission of Oregon. He declared that as a Senator from Texas, he felt himself obliged to vote for the admission of Oregon, as a free territory. This cry of "disunion," "disunion," and "nullification," reached him while he was in the wilderness, remote from civilization, and it carried a pang to his heart. He could scarcely realize, at first, these denunciations of the Union, but he had become accustomed to these issues, which some men were in the habit of making from the South, without any emergency justifying it.

A disgraceful scene occurred on Saturday night between Senators Butler and Benton.

The correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser states that Mr. Butler rose with a copy of the New-York Herald in his hand, and called the attention of the Senate to the fact that that journal had published a report of the proceedings in the Senate in Executive session upon Gen. Kearney's confirmation. The correspondent said that Mr. Benton furnished a copy of the resolutions offered by him in that case, which, Mr. Butler said, was a gross and dishonorable violation of the rules of that body, and he proposed that the Senate should proceed to enquire into the fact in secret session.

Mr. Benton rose pallid and quivering with rage, took up the Senator's epithets of dishonorable and disgraceful, and shouted at the top of his voice, that the man who accused him of dishonorable conduct "lied in his throat." This he repeated more than once, with increasing vehemence. He said he had never quarrelled in his life, though he had fought, and fought to the death. He was ready to maintain every where, as well beyond as within the walls of the Senate, that the Senator lied in his throat.

During all this time Mr. Benton was loudly called to order by the President, and by many individual members, Mr. Douglass and others proceeded to his seat, and he was at length quieted.

A resolution was passed, rescinding the joint rule which prohibits the President from signing bills passed on the last day of the session of Congress.

Adjourned at 12 o'clock.

The President has signed the Oregon bill, and appointed Gen. Shields of Illinois, Governor of the territory, and the appointment was confirmed, as were also the appointments of Judges and Secretaries.

☞ TEACHER'S SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening next, August 21st, at the vestry of Pitts Street Chapel, at 7½ o'clock.

An interesting subject will be presented for consideration and discussion.

au19 T. GAFFIELD, Secretary.

☞ WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting of this Association in Athol, on Monday, Aug. 21, at 4 P. M.

au19 HENRY F. BOND, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In Cambridge, 3d inst, Mr Andrew Jones to Miss Caroline Abbott.

In Roxbury, 8th inst, by Rev Mr Alger, Mr George W. Prescott to Miss Mary D. M. Tyler, both of this city.

In Athol, 13th ult, by Rev S. F. Clarke, Mr Charles A. Carey, of Ashburnham, to Miss Elizabeth S. Barry, of Athol.

In Providence, R. I., 31st ult, Mr Wm. H. Greene to Miss Frances G. Briggs, both of P.

In Needham, 3d inst, Mr Frye M. Kimball to Miss Ellen P. Adley, both of Newton, L. F.

In Lowell, 9th inst, Henry Austin Martin, M. D., of Roxbury, to Miss Frances Coffin, eldest daughter of Hon. Nathan Crosby, of Lowell.

In Portland, Me, 8th inst, Hon Daniel Goodenow, of Alfred, to Mrs Catherine P. Osgood, of Fryeburg.

At the Astor House, New York, on the 3d inst, Mr George W. Hazzard, to Miss Susan Arnold, both of Providence, R. I.

DEATHS.

In this city, 11th inst, Harriet Emma Mills, aged 1 year 11 mos.

Sweet little cherub, thou art gone,
To lean on Jesus' breast;
Gone to thy long and final home,
To be forever blest.

24th ult, of lung fever, Alexander H. Courtenay, 49 yrs.

Mrs Hazeltine, of Gardiner, Me, daughter of Mr. David Francis, of this city.

15th inst, Samuel L. Bass, Esq, 58.

In Chelsea, 2d inst, Mrs Sarah Griffice, 85.

Drowned, on Monday, 31st ult, from East Boston Ferry Boat, William Oakes, Esq, of Ipswich, aged 48 years. Mr Oakes was of the class of 1820, at Harvard University. Mr O. studied the legal profession with the late John Pickering, but gave up the practice in disgust with its technicalities, and devoted his fine and susceptible mind to the culture of his inordinate love of Natural History. In the science of Botany, he stood first in the country, and his attainments, in all branches of Natural History, were of the highest order. He had just completed some beautiful views of the scenery of the White Mountains, and the history of those mountains and their productions, he had studied profoundly.

In Cambridgeport, 8th inst, Mrs Harriet, wife of Mr Joseph L. Hallworth, 36 yrs.

In Roxbury, Nathaniel Francis, Jr, aged 29.

In Somerville, 9th inst, of consumption, Catherine M. wife of J. Belknap Smith, and daughter of Hon James Clark, 29½ yrs.

In East Cambridge, Edward Herbert, son of Alanson and Ann R. Bigelow, 11 mos.

In Medford, 14th inst, Sarah Clapp, youngest child of Milton and Harriet James, aged 2 yrs 2 mos.

In Bridgewater, Mrs. Ruth, widow of the late Walter Hayward, aged 80 years.

In Salem, Wednesday morning, 9th inst, John Howard, Esq, aged 93 yrs 7 months—the oldest man in that city, and a most respectable, amiable, worthy and honest man. He was a soldier of the Revolution—a true patriot then, and ever after. He has represented that town in the legislature, and was the first President of the Salem Charitable Mechanic Association—by whose members his memory will be ever cherished with unmeasured respect. 11th inst, Ora Willard, son of Adam and Melvina Brown, 4 mos; William, son of Elario and Mary Smith, 13 mos.

In Hampton Falls, N. H. Mrs Anna, wife of Levi Lane, Esq, 73 yrs.

In Providence, R. I. 8th inst, George Henry, infant son of George T. and Elizabeth R. Bowen, 8 mos.

DRS. GRANDIN & DUDLEY. If any of our numerous readers need the services of a dentist, we could not do them a greater favor than to call their attention to the dentist establishment of Drs. Grandin & Dudley, on Washington, near Summer street—the *number* we forget. We speak of this establishment to our readers because we always like to bear testimony to the skill and ingenuity of those who are contributing to the comfort and happiness of their fellow beings. Drs. Grandin & Dudley are doing this. Everybody knows that when a young lady, for instance, has her teeth extracted, the mouth falls in, the features are greatly changed, and she appears to be much older than she really is. And, besides, we take it, that it is not the most pleasant thing in the world to have one's teeth pulled out, even with the help of chloroform or ether.

Now, these gentlemen have discovered a process by which they are enabled to *cure* diseased teeth, and *preserve* even old stumps of teeth, in most cases; and this they do when they *insert* artificial teeth on their *new plan*, instead of wrenching them out, as is the common practice. Who wants to sit down and have his mouth all torn to pieces, when he can have teeth inserted on a much better plan without it? Not we.—*Times.*

au19 1is

POPULAR OBJECTIONS TO UNITARIANISM.

POPULAR Objections to Unitarian Christianity, considered and answered in lectures, by Rev. Geo. H. Burnap, 16mo. 166 pages; price 37½ cents, or they will be sold at the low price of $20 a hundred, in thick paper covers, suitable for transmission by mail.

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These medicines are prepared in various ways in

SYRUPS, EXTRACTS, TINCTURES, OILS,

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by his own hand, from newly gathered materials, and put up in bottles of convenient size, well corked, sealed, labelled and stamped. They are highly concentrated, and will keep a great length of time without losing their virtue.

The Doctor discards all poisons, both mineral and vegetable, from his practice. He has no forged certificates of cures which have never been performed, but would say to those who are afflicted in any way to call and try the merits of Herb Medicines.

Among which are the following:

Indian Cough Medicine. A certain cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, etc. etc.

Indian Blood Purifier, for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, or King's Evil, etc.

Indian Specific, for Dysentery, Summer Complaints, Cholera Morbus and Cholera Infantum.

Invigorating Nerve Syrup, for Nervous Headache, Lowness of Spirits, Palsy, Lethargy, Hysterics, Convulsions, Falling Sickness, etc.

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Tonic Powders, used for General Debility, Dyspepsia, etc.

Digestive Pills, for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Costiveness.

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Liniment for Deafness, a certain remedy.

Corn Salve, for the cure of hard and Soft Corns.

Strengthening Plaster, the best in use.

Mother's Cordial, a most invaluable medicine for females.

N. B. Remedies for all diseases.

The low price of our Medicines we hope will be the means of sending us customers, and we pledge ourselves to prove that there are no Medicines now in the market superior either as to efficacy or profitableness.

au19 tf

DAY'S ACADEMY, WRENTHAM CENTRE. The Fall term will commence Tuesday, the 5th of September, and continue eleven weeks.

The Institution is located in a quiet and pleasant village, and the society is such as to recommend it to both student and parent.

Catalogues of the Institution will be sent to those who desire information in regard to the condition of the school, terms, &c.

L. ALLEN KINGSBURY, Principal.

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CHRISTIAN NURTURE—New Edition. Views of Christian Nurture, and of subjects adjacent thereto, by Horace Bushnell—second edition.

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Highways and Byways, by Grattan, 2d series, 37:
Eastern Tourist's Guide, by Disturnell, 18mo, 62:
Giles' Oration, July 4th, in Boston, 25:
Hudson's Lectures, on Shakspeare, 2 vols, 2,25:
For sale at 134 Washington, opposite School st.

ag5 1is2os

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The usual branches of a liberal English Education are taught, viz: Reading, Spelling, Grammar, Geography, History, Natural Philosophy, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Natural Theology, Botany, Chemistry, Arithmetic, Algebra; Geometry, Book-keeping, etc.

Instruction is also given in the French, Italian, and Latin Languages; and in drawing and Needle-work.

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BE not deceived with vain hope—lay not the flattering unction to your soul, that disease will cure itself; especially if that disease be Consumption or Liver Complaint. If you would be restored to health you must use the means which benevolence and a kind Providence have placed within your reach. The great and universally popular remedy for consumption and all chronic diseases, is now for sale in every city and important town in the country, and at a price, too, that any one can afford to pay. You have no excuse, therefore, for neglecting to save your life and health. Be not deceived with quack nostrums, or any imitations of this invaluable medicine. An individual at Charleston, South Carolina, recently purchased four bottles of Swayne's Syrup—one of the most celebrated physicians in the city told the deceived patient he must send that article back, and exchange it for Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Be not deceived—remember that it is Dr. Wistar's Balsam that cures—it is Dr. Wistar's that brings back the bloom of health to the cheek, lustre to the eye, strength to the system, joy and gladness to the soul, and happiness to man—it is Dr. Wistar's that has gained such celebrity among the sick, astonishing the world with its effects, and is recommended by the best physicians throughout the land. Be not deceived—buy none unless signed I. Butts on the wrapper, the genuine Dr. Wistar's.

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nov6 1is1y

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june17 ep3mis

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For the Register.

LUKE XVIII: 8.

Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

Alas, that faith is wanting now
As when the Savior came of old;
The wreaths still deck the warrior's brow,
And love in Christians' hearts grows cold.

A faith in better things is dead
Than what the world before has seen,
Men still in their old ways will tread,
And ask no more than what has been.

They trust in carnal weapons still,
The warrior's spear, the warrior's sword,
And deeds of blood that history fill;
And ask, "Where is the coming Lord?"

They want a deeper faith in man,
That looks beneath the outward show
Of difference in wealth, or clan,
And man in every form doth know.

A deeper faith in God they need,
That they in him can all things do;
A faith from every weakness freed,
And finding still his promise true.

Lord! let us not with those appear
Who faithless shall thy coming see,
But may we view that coming near,
And in thy likeness come with thee. J. V.

THE UNKNOWN WAY.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A burning sky is o'er me,
The sands beneath me glow,
As onward, onward wearily,
In the sultry morn I go.

From the dusty path there opens,
Eastward, an unknown way;
Above its windings, pleasantly,
The woodland branches play.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey lay,
Where the shade is cool, and the dew of night
Is not yet dried away.

Path of the flowery woodland!
Oh, whither dost thou lead,
Wandering by grassy orchard grounds,
Or by the open mead?

Goest thou by nestling cottage?
Goest thou by stately hall,
Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,
And woodbines daunt the wall?

By steeps where children gather
Flowers of the yet fresh year?
By lonely walks where lovers stray,
Till the tender star appear?

Or haply dost thou linger
On barren plains and bare;
Or clamber the bold mountain side,
Into the thinner air?

Where they who journey upward
Walk in a weary track,
And oft upon the shady vale
With longing eyes look back?

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening t the sound,
I know the voice of the mighty sea
Breasting the pebbly bound.

Dost thou, oh path of the woodland!
End where these waters roar,
Like human life on a trackless beach,
With a boundless sea before?

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Privy Counsellor:

—OR—

IT IS POSSIBLE.

Privy Counsellor Stryk had perpetually upon his tongue three words that had become to him a kind of proverb:—"It is possible." It often happened that he used them in the reports made by him to the minister in full council; and when this occured, a smile, such as is usually given to our neighbor's weaknesses, played upon the lips of his colleagues.

Privy Counsellor Stryk, nevertheless, was held in high consideration. The different rulers of the electorate, in their turn, showed their appreciation of his varied information and talent, by always employing him. Every one did justice to his ability and tact—may perhaps a little overrated him: and Stryk, open, upright and conscientious, was looked upon as a deep and subtle politician, with a penetration and far-sightedness little short of a gift of prophecy. And all this reputation he owed solely to the three words—"It is possible."

Often, however, they escaped him almost involuntarily: yet, when they had once escaped him, he thought himself bound to follow up and maintain their consequences. Thus this saying exercised the greatest influence upon his opinions, his habits, and all the events of his life. Who could believe it of a man so learned and enlightened? And yet it was not only possible, but true.

He was himself fully aware of this influence; and yet, not only did he remain constant to his words, but he was seriously anxious to impress his only son with the same conviction of their omnipotence. The young man, who, like most other young people, thought himself much more clear-sighted than his old father, considered this as nothing more than a very singular mania.

"This little oddity, my dear father," he said, "may be excused in you; but my adopting it would be considered a mere piece of affectation, a ridiculous copying of you."

"It is possible, my dear Frederick," said the privy counsellor; "but you may let laugh those that will, when you have in these three words the secret of prudence, repose, security and happiness. Think not that this maxim became habitual to me by mere chance. I adopted it upon sad experience that led to mature reflection. I owe to it all that I have, all that I am.

Take my advice my son; adopt my maxim were it only to give you the power of self-possession, and make you ready either to do or to suffer. Repeat it till you have made it your own. This at least is possible."

The favorite phrase of our privy-counsellor sometimes proved unpropitious; but he was not easily deterred. For instance, one day when the elector presided in person in the council, some debate arose upon the late French Revolution of '93; and as the many changes were mentioned in the people who once so idolized their Kings, the elector exclaimed—

"The French are the most abominable race on the face of the earth; no other men could act as they do. Can you fancy *my* subjects ever being seized with such madness—ever abjuring their allegiance to their Prince? What is your opinion, Stryk?"

The counseller just then in a fit of absence, had only half heard what the elector said, and shrugging his shoulders, said mechanically, "it is possible."

The elector turned pale. "What do you mean!" he exclaimed. "Do you think that a day can ever dawn when my subjects will rejoice in my downfall!"

"It is possible," again said the counsellor; but this time he said it adviserdly. "Nothing is more uncertain than popular opinion; for a people is made up of men, who have each an individual interest, which they prefer to that of the Prince."

The elector turned his back upon him, and Stryk was disgraced; while every one cried—"What a fool, with his 'It is possible!'"

A few years after, the victorious French passed the Rhine; the elector, with all his court, took to flight. As he departed, he saw the tree of liberty planted, and the armorial bearings of the electorate broken publicly by the people.

Stryk, being looked upon as a victim to the despotism so lately overthrown, was soon installed in the office which his talents so well fitted him to fill; and by his diplomatic ability, contributed not a little to the establishment of the new order of things; while, notwithstanding his natural ardor of character, he never suffered himself to be carried away by political enthusiasm. But, attaching himself to no party, he became an object of suspicion to all.

One day a commissary of the republic arrived in the new department and was received with the greatest honors. All were crowding around him; all eager to pay their court; and some amongst them ventured to throw out insinuations against Stryk, and the lukewarmness of his republican opinions. The commissary made no remarks at the time; but one day, at a public dinner, at which many toasts went round in honor of universal liberty, the rights of nations, and the triumphs of the republic, he suddenly turned to Stryk, saying, * * *

What think you, Citizen Stryk, can a rational man admit that monarchy can ever be re-established in France?"

"It is possible," said Stryk.

"How possible!" cried the commissary, in a voice of thunder. "He who doubts of liberty has never loved it. It grieves me to see a public functionary holding such opinions. Can you state any grounds for them, citizen?"

"It is very possible," answered Stryk, calmly. "Free Athens first became accustomed to Pericles, then to a king of Macedon. Rome had at first a Triumvirate, then a Cæsar, and at length a Nero. England had its Commonwealth, bowed before a Cromwell, and recalled its King."

"What are you at with your Romans, your Athenians, and your English? I hope you do not dream of comparing them with the French? But I forgive your false views; you have not the honor of being born a Frenchman."

The forgiveness was not, however, a complete one, for Stryk lost his office, and underwent some persecution, as an utterer of language not sufficiently respectful to the republic.

Some years afterwards, Bonaparte became first consul, then consul for ten years, next consul for life, and finally emperor and king—Stryk was immediately reinstated in his office, as being ostensibly one of the moderate party. He enjoyed more favor and credit than ever; his predictions had been again accomplished, and he passed for a consummate politician.

Napoleon changed the face of the world, and disposed of crowns at pleasure. Stryk became prime minister to one of these new made kings, and obtained titles and honors. No such thing as a republican was to be found; all crawled in the dust before the new master. It was felt as a stigma to have ever imbibed republican opinions; and every one claimed credit for having been the only one not carried along by the current, and eschewed the shame of having ever been anything but a royalist.

"I see no shame in it," said Stryk; "an epidemic raged, and you caught the infection.—It may appear again, and you may be again attacked. It is possible."

"What!" was the indignant reply; "do you deem us so weak as to be forever changing!"

"I never forget," answered Stryk, "the Sultan of Egypt mentioned by Addison. This Sultan was sceptical enough to laugh at length at an aerial voyage said to be performed by Mohammed, in which numberless transactions took place in so small a space of time, that Mohammed, at his return, found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, thrown down as he was carried away, before the water was all spilled. A dervise, who had the reputation of working miracles, undertook to cure him of his incredulity; and in presence of his whole court, ordered him to plunge his head into a tub of water, and draw it up again. The sultan obeyed, and plunged his head into the water; but on the instant he did so, found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. Conceive his surprise! He execrated the treachery of the dervise; but was obliged to submit to his fate.—Some wood-cutters near directed him to the next town, where, after several adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune, with whom he lived so many years as to have fourteen children. At her death, he was reduced to get his livelihood by plying as a porter. He now heartily repented the scepticism of which he believed all these misfortunes to be the punishment. In a fit of devotion he threw off his clothes for the ablution usual with the Mohammedans before prayer, and no sooner raised his head after the first plunge, than he found himself before the tub, and heard from his whole court that he had never stirred, and that all the events that had so troubled him had been crowded into the short space of time necessary to dip his head into the water and take it out again. Gentlemen," continued the old privy counsellor, "yours is a parallel case with that of the Sultan of Egypt. If you had been told before the Revolution what you would do during its progress, you would never have believed it; and now that you have drawn your head out of the tub, you remember nothing of what you have thought, done and experienced in the days of miracles. If the Bourbons and the emigrants ever enter France they will look upon the history of the years that have elapsed since 1789 as a delusion, and will find themselves, like the Sultan of Egypt, standing by the side of the tub, regarding their years of suffering as a deceitful dream."

There was a general laugh. "Well," said some, "you may not be so much out in your conjecture if they do return; but who ever dreams of the poor Bourbons being restored! This indeed would belong to an age of miracles."

"Hem! It is possible," said Stryk.

But the Russian campaign was contemplated, and one of Napoleon's Generals asked our friend's opinion as to its successful issue. The privy counsellor declined answering; and the general, surprised at this reserve, said, "For my own part, I expect to celebrate the New Year in St. Petersburg: but you seem to apprehend an unhappy issue?"

Styrk, as usual, shrugged his shoulders and answered, "it is possible."

This answer was not forgotten, and his name was soon erased from the treasury list. When the allied powers invaded France, and Napoleon's creations were crumbling into ruins on every side, every one said, "Stryk is a prophet, and has had the fate of all seers."

His disgrace under the government of the usurper, as the fallen emperor was now termed, was sufficient claim upon the favor of the new legitimate monarch. But it was not long before his axiom brought a fresh storm upon his head. The monarch giving him one day to understand that his adhesion to every successive government tended to make his loyality somewhat suspicious, the old man reminded him that his sincerity in his own moderate political views was proved by the fact, that he had the misfortune to displease only when each government pressed on too enthusiastically, and were not satisfied with his discharge of duty to his country, whoever might be the master. "The state," he added, "has always need of the services of its citizens, and it is their duty to serve it in every circumstance."

"The state," said the prince, "is the sovereign. Who dares to separate his person from the state is a rebel in heart."

This was his last disgrace; but he was still faithful to the maxim that had taught him moderation, and at once salutary distrust and hopefulness. When the improbability of further political changes was pressed upon him, now that the Bourbons were again firmly seated, he answered, "It is possible. They want to go back to the Inquisition, to the holy alliance. The cause of truth, of civil and religious liberty, is attacked; the freedom of the press is assailed. Thus was it in the days that produced a Franklin and a Washington—the days of the Bastile, thus was it in the time of the Fouches and the Rovigos. The same causes produce the same effects. It is possible."

But this maxim taught moderation to no one but himself; and three days of 1830 proved its truth, and revolutionized the King of France into King of the French.

The oracle appearing no longer necessary to a ruler who was in his own person the very type of the vicissitudes of human life, it ceased. Stryk died. But who that has lived to see 1848 can decline to admit, of anything or everything, 'It is possible.' [Chambers' Edin. Journal.

[Rev. George W. Samson, the author of these letters, is pastor of the E. Street Baptist Church, Washington, D. C. The letters are sometimes rather rambling, as might be expected under the circumstances, and would be improved by condensation—which we have sometimes tried to do. They address us from quite an unexplored quarter, and are very interesting and instructive. One more letter will conclude the account of the visit to Goshen.]

[From the New York Recorder.]

VISIT TO GOSHEN, NO. III.

WADY GHURUNDEL. March 14, 1848.

The TELL—is well known and often visited, being near to the Nile and the large village of Zegazeek. Its modern name Basta is evidently the old Greek Bubastis and Egyptian Pasht.—Its vast and lofty mound, its site probably being raised to protect it from the inundations of the Nile, is seen from a great distance over this water-level country. The first object which arrests attention in walking to it from the river, is a magnificent column of granite, nearly entire, which the English government spent much money in bringing half way from its site to the river, and then, after six months' lost labor, abandoned.

Arrived at the Mound you climb to its summit and look over the brick ruins of streets and houses stretching over a mile square and more, and on the South-western side you see two grand areas, in one of which stood the temple of Mercury, every stone of which has now disappeared; and in the other still may be seen many and beautiful remains of the once vast granite temple of Pasht, (the Egyptian Diana,) on whose blocks and broken columns you read the name of Remeses the Great, and one or two other Pharaohs. It was interesting to find the name of this illustrious king, (who lived in the time of the earlier Jewish Judges,) since he is the reputed founder of the ancient canal; and this I was led in a few days to believe, was the first of a line of cities which skirted the canal as the Nile itself and the edge of the Desert were skirted.

It was now 9 o'clock in the morning, and the camels had just come. I knew that there was strong evidence to believe that the modern canal which runs a little South of East to the edge of the Delta, was on the site of the ancient one, and I hoped to trace it on to Suez. Our road was the bank of the great canal, used chiefly (as anciently) to conduct the Nile water into the back country; though also used for the passage of boats. For some distance one of the most interesting things to observe was the huge blocks of sand and limestone, (from Bubastis, evidently,) degraded from their original grand design and made to serve as troughs at the numerous wheels for raising water. All along too I observed on the little side-canals that method of raising water which when a boy I had seen pictured in the Sabbath school books as illustrative of "watering with the foot;" two men about twenty feet apart leaning with braced feet against a bank holding between them by long ropes a shallow bucket, with which they dip up and raise the water, and throw it into a canal above; a mode which, as I had traversed all upper Egypt without seeing, I had believed did not exist, but which I found now universally employed in the Delta where the water is to be raised (on account of the higher inundation) only three or four feet. Tell Soft is three hours, perhaps eight miles from Bubastis, directly on the canal. The loaded camels were sent on; and the dromedaries alone stopped. I mounted on a little eminence, and to my surprise—and yet I expected something like it, though the Arabs had denied it—I looked down on a wide mass of ruins the most perfect and beautiful I had yet seen in lower Egypt. After a few minutes' examination, I traced distinctly the entire Northern and Western wall of a large Egyptian temple, built of a rich, dark, almost black, porphyritic stone, such as I had not before seen in Egypt; and within, at the back, the small sanctuary of richly sculptured black marble, I looked long for a Pharoah's name. My eye saw on a fragment a distinguishing cartouche, which showed to me the name of Nectanebo 1st, who ruled after the Persian conquest.

Proceeding forward some hundred yards to the front of the temple, the brick foundations of the outer court were seen, and finally two beautiful though mutilated statues of black marble, which appeared to have been at the portal. Going then East to the village, everywhere large blocks of red granite, peculiar to the age of Remeses the Great, were strewn. Here, also, some standing, some fallen, appeared a dozen or more fine white marble (alabaster) columns, which had been worked into a Mohammedan mosque, now in its turn in ruins; and finally large brick ruins, and among them one of the most perfect granite sarcophagi which Egypt contains. I asked a few questions of a fine intelligent man of the village, and he said that about twenty years ago a Frangee came there and wrote down all about the stones; but no one had been there since. Three or four hours more, eight or ten miles on, we reached the point where the wilderness comes close down on the North and nearly down on the South, and here I found myself at the village which the French marked as the site of an ancient city. I immediately leaped from my dromedary and walked up on a large square gravel covered mound, running far back into the rich luxuriant soil of the Nile, which I felt art and not nature had created; but I saw and could hear of no ruins. I had been deceived too by my inquiries after Tell el Kebeerah, put down on Dr. Robinson's map. Every person had told me that Ras-el Wady was Tell el Kebeerah; and this was three miles on; and thither we hastened and encamped for the night. It was a locality, peculiarly interesting in a Scriptural point of view, I was searching for; and round the sides and through the streets of that village—the Head of the Wadv—I rambled; and of man after man I enquired "Where is the Mound?" and universally the reply was, with the finger sometimes pointed to the ground, "This is the Great Mound; the Great Mound and the Head of the Valley are one and the same."

The next day was the Sabbath, and we rested according to commandment. Abbaseh is evidently the *natural* Head of the Valley, it seemed to be so natural a rally point for all the people of Israel before leaving, as it had seemed so natural a position for a treasure city; for every person and thing going out of the Delta would come to this centre for the same reason that corn in the mill goes to the centre—because it is the only way out, that I seemed almost to see them gathered there. I turned my steps that way and rambled slowly on; and a sweet walk it was,—the Christian Sabbath in a Mohammedan land. I came to the village and passed through, and rambled over the gravel covered Mound, a square of a mile in diameter, closely skirted by the rich soil, and I knew it must be the site of an ancient city. I asked for hewn stones, but was told there was none. I asked what that place of gravel was, and they called it an island, and an old man told me there was once a great city there. I asked him if he remembered when the city was there, and he replied "Oh no, it was a thousand years ago," and this expression with this people means very ancient. I still asked for stones, and finally was led to a fragment of a marble column forming a door-step; and now having found what I wanted, and surprised him at the gift of a couple of cents, [10 paras,] I was led to one after another, till I had no more doubt as to this being the spot of a once great city—perhaps Raamses; but more of this hereafter.

Monday morning came, and taking care to fill the water barrel and skins, for now we were to bid adieu to the Nile and push into a thirsty desert: on we went, still following a mere ditch, which seemed on the line of the ancient canal. I heard of the Small Tell now in distinction from the Great Tell, and a little village was pointed out as the place. Then I heard of Tell Samoot, and hoping to find another city, for an hour or two I looked with interest for it. Just before reaching the Tell I began to scan more critically two lines of gravel which I saw running regularly on, some few feet on either side of the small canal which we were following. The idea flashed upon me that this was the ancient canal. I had a note of the breadth of it as marked by Herodotus, but had forgotten it. I paced the portion on the North side of the central ditch, (we were on this side,) and judged the whole distance between the two banks to be fifty three paces, or about 159 feet, and afterwards consulting my notes, found the ancient canal was 150 feet. Arrived at the Tell, it was an evident monument of the time when the Great Caliph Omar reopened the canal and made this wilderness fertile, naturally peopling it with villages, which in their turn, like the more ancient cities, had been deserted and left to crumble when the canal was closed. Thenceforth I expected to meet many of those deserted villages, and was not disappointed. The mystery of the far-famed *Great Tell* also seemed cleared up; this great Tell being nothing more than the Mound of the ancient Arab town of Caliph Omar's day; his great central commercial post—his *treasure* city being built three miles farther East than the very ancient one at Abbaseh: which last very naturally was the site of a city before the canal ever was thought of,—in Moses' day even. Tell el Tarbee was the next of which I heard; and proceeding on two hours I learned it was a little out of our course to the North. The sheikh seemed disinclined to go to it, but I knew that no old city in this region could be far from the canal, and silencing him by the usual argument we sought a guide. He was a venerable patriarch sheikh of a party of Arabs encamped in some corn stalk booths; but he went accompanied by a man with sword and pistols, and a boy to carry his sandals and staff; and looking on him, as he walked before us, his costume, his mode of life as a shepherd, his whole appearance, I thought him as perfect a picture of Abraham as my fancy had ever drawn—the kind, hospitable sheikh even falling behind him. In an hour we were at the Tell; a large Mound with the foundations of the houses extending far around, and the massive red granite blocks showing their corners above the sand, the sure indexes that the hand of Remeses the Great, the founder of the canal, had been here, though no sculpture appeared above the surface to disclose his name. It seems to be the fourth canal town, reckoning from Bubastis. It evidently is the Abookeysheed mentioned by the French savans, which has been erroneously fixed on as the site of Remeses.

NO. IV.

BY THE RED SEA, March 15th, 1848.

The sheikh had all the way from Bubastis been talking of and enquiring about "el haggar"—the stone. I learned that five years before he had come with a French gentleman, first to Tell Basta and then to the haggar beyond where we were; these two being the only points they visited, turning back afterwards to Cairo. My notion was to return to the canal and follow it, and thence to strike off to any Tell we could hear of. But the idea of these Desert Arabs is to steer like a ship on the ocean straight for the point sought; and this was my sheikh's notion, and I let him have his way, knowing that if he came to an old town in this region we could not be far from the canal. In leaving this interesting Mound I was struck with what I had seen before, but not particularly observed—high mounds of earth enclosing large spaces sometimes half a mile long and two miles wide; which, when I came to the ruins of towns and villages, and saw side canals from the great canal, and openings from mound to mound, I perceived where the dykes to keep in the Nile water at the time of the inundation; and then I observed that every where between there is a thick deposit of Nile mud under the sand since drifted over the country.

An hour on from the Tell, emerging from these mounds, we found ourselves on the borders of a lake, the water shallow and divided into three or four branches, by narrow strips of intervening land covered with bushes, but the whole occupying a half mile square. We waded a branch of it, the water coming up above the knees of the camels. The water was unlike the Nile water, perfectly clear and also sweet for lake water. All along the banks especially, were narrow fields of wheat and several wells, from which men were drawing water constantly; the curse of Egypt extending even here. What particularly interested me was this. The name of the valley around this lake, (which is perhaps a mile North of the ancient canal,) is Wady el Heesh—the Bushy Valley, from the abundant and large bushes, among which we encamped near the lake; and all the people live in booths of bushes called eshah. In after reflections it occurred to me, may not this be Succoth—the place of the first encampment of the Israelites after leaving Raamses? From Ras el Wady we had made about thirteen or fourteen miles, and to Abbasen, the natural position for Raamses, there are three miles. Besides as I afterwards learned from Tooayleb and others, this is the only water from Ras el Wady, the canal excepted, and the flocks of Israel must have had water. And more, the *only route* at this day from the Ras el Wady (or Shur gee yeh) district to Suez, or Sinai, is East along the Wady to this lake, if water is wanted, otherwise a little South.—Besides, as we have seen, the name is appropriate that it is now what it ever was—*the place of booths.*

On we pushed next day nearly East, for two hours and more, in search of the haggar. We thought of taking a guide, and a fine dashing young fellow, a Prince in his figure and gait, came to our camp; his dress, that universal in the desert, a tunic or shirt of linen, and another over it of woolen; a girdle strapped over this, with a sword and pistols in it; a sheepskin with the wool tied by the two four legs under his chin, and hanging down over his back; and above this his matchlock gun hanging by a cord, with a dashing turban on his head, and camel skin sandals on his feet; a perfect Bedawee. I wanted to take him simply for his company, but his demands were too enormous; for when I offered him for two or three hours as much as he could earn in as many days, he turned on his heel and moved proudly over the sandy desert and disappeared in the thick heesh. So the sheikh took the lead, and after about two hours, seeing a mound before us, he leaped from his dromedary and ran up upon it. In a few moments he was lost from view; but presently he appeared beckoning and calling out, el haggar, el haggar!"

It was the site of a temple he stood upon, on the South West corner of the Mound; and in all these towns of Lower Egypt this, for some reason, is the position of the temple. I chose to bend off half a mile to the West, and then to come far to the North over the distinct traces of streets and foundations of houses, and so round to the temple—a noble temple indeed. There stand the brick walls of the outer court enclosing a quarter of a mile square at least, the straw of the sun burnt bricks as perfect as if yesterday mixed with the Nile mud. Last I came to the central point of interest, the haggar, around which all the Arabs had gathered. It proved to be three seated statues carved from one block of red granite, seated as they were six feet in height, (7½ if standing perhaps). The statue had been uncovered by the spade; and the sheikh, whom I never detected in a falsehood, said that he had it uncovered for the French gentleman with whome he had come here, and who remained three days. On the front and on the back I read just the hieroglyphic name I had expected—the cartouche of Remeses the Great, founder of the canal, several times repeated.—This then was the fifth canal town, called by the Arabs now Tell el Mushootah, the Mound of the Statue; probably what is marked on the maps as the ruins of Serapeum, though improperly located, (if it be that site,) in reference to the canal and the lake. We were now two long days journey from Suez, to push through a wilderness which very few of the Towarah Arabs have ever passed, my sheikh never, Teoayleb, as he told me afterwards, only twice and that when he was a young man. But I knew that if we followed the canal we should come out right.

On then towards the south we went; and soon struck the canal again—contrary to my expectations, still running east. From the mounds I frequently observed the breadth of the once cultivated Wady, and judged it to be about four or five miles. We passed, every two or three miles, ruins of Arab villages. Approaching a lofty mound of the canal with the sheikh, we surveyed the country round. He caught sight of Gebel Gennafe, the most northerly of the mountain ranges that run from the west to the Red Sea, and which comes down about twelve or fourteen miles north of Suez; and like a real Arab he wanted to steer straight for it. I observed, however, that the mound on which we stood was the most southerly of the range; and I knew therefore the canal must be north. It was something of a struggle, but for half an hour I kept the cameis' heads the way I wished, when suddenly emerging from behind a mound, I saw about half a mile to the north a freshly dug mound running from east to west, and in a moment was satisfied that this was the excavation of the French, sent by Mahomed Ali during the past winter to explore the old canal, and who had been through this portion of the canal some two months before me, coming from Suez. I said nothing, but presently the sheikh's quick eye caught sight of the mound, and dropping the halter of my dromedary which he was leading, he asked, shall I go master? Yes, I replied; and away he started upon the run; and I myself, slipping down from my dromedary, was soon in chase after him. Arrived at the mound and stopping to take the bearings of its course, which was a few degrees south east, the sheikh spied near us one of the little stakes planted by the French engineers, and ran to it crying, "Hawageh! Frangee, Frangee!" and going to it I never read in my life the figures 14 with as much interest as on that stick. By this time the camels had come up, and with sparkling eyes the men looked at me and exclaimed; "el terra khadeem, hawageh"—the ancient canal, master,—as overjoyed as they had been disheartened; for they really had been a little frightened to find themselves in a desert unknown to them, and all the while they did not seem to have an idea of what I meant when I told them the canal would lead us to Suez. Just at this point the canal bent to the south east, and following it a short time, noticing the sticks of the French, and their footsteps sometimes, we encamped for the night. And here I observed an important fact—that the mounds for retaining water, with their beds of Nile mud, ended where the canal bent from its easterly course; and hereafter, supposing the country to have been a barren waste, never made fertile by the Nile, I expected to find no more ruined cities and villages.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

Many deceive themselves by imagining, that if they possessed affluence, they would do great things for Christ. They would build churches, support missionaries, endow schools of the prophets, and aid the poor by thousands. Christ requires that our benevolence should be, not according to that which we have not, but according to that which we have. It is the hearty expression of love and duty that he requires, whether this be accompanied by the widow's mite, or the greater gifts of the rich. Even a cup of cold water given for the temporary refreshment of one of the humblest of his disciples will not lose its reward. Inasmuch as we show favour to one of the least of his disciples, because they are disciples, we do it to him; and there are none so poor or so obscure that they have not the means of testifying their love to him if they really possess it. If we cannot gratify the feelings of our hearts by feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, we can surely afford a cup of water to the thirsty in the name, and for the sake of our Lord. [Presbyterian.

A STRONG FAMILY LIKENESS.

[From the London Times.]

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